CAVALCADE

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APRIL, 1953

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I Hate You One And All! — page 4

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Cavalcade

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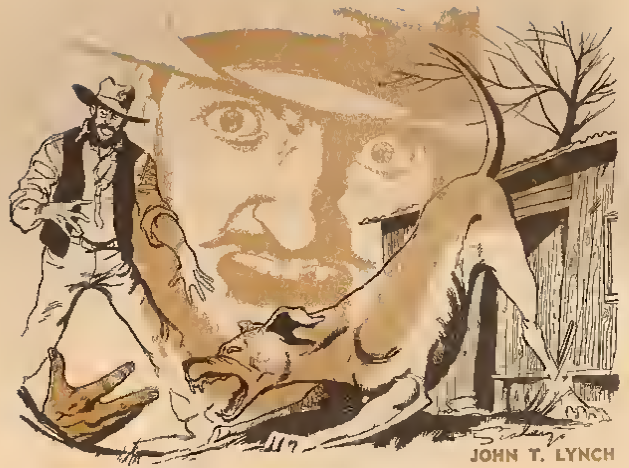


JOHN T. LYNCH

I hate you ONE AND ALL

The hermit said the world would be a better place with fewer people in it. Then citizens began to disappear with sinister regularity.

IN his own quiet, solitary manner, Jemuel Gnaggs acquired a comfortable fortune in the gold rush at Pike's Peak, Colorado, in 1859. He also acquired a deep hatred of the human race.

In search of a sparsely populated, remote spot in which to settle down alone, and have as little truck as possible with his fellow men, Gnaggs made his way up through the narrow granite passes in the heart of the Taos Range, in New Mexico, until he came to the tiny settlement called Screechin' Hollow.

He nodded, happily, as he gazed upon the few ramshackle saloons, shacks and one general store that made up the mining town. He also smiled when he noted that the place had only one other narrow trail, also through narrow canyons, leading away from it. One way in—one way out. And you'd meet very few travellers, one way or another.

Jemuel grimaced in disgust as he alighted from his gaunt horse in front of the general store. If it wasn't for the fact that a man had to buy tobacco, whisky, and food from other men, a person could live forever without even speaking. Jemuel shrugged and went into the store.

"Like most other people," announced Jemuel, "you'd do any damn thing for a little gold. Well, all I want you to do is kind of be my agent. Each month I'll give you fifty dollars for your trouble. All you got to do is tell me where I can find a shack—away from others—and deliver me grub a couple of times a week. Also, once a month, a money draft will come to me from a bank in Denver. That's where I got my gold deposited—and I got an arrangement that they send me a regular amount—just enough to get by on—from now on until I die.

"When the money draft comes, you cash it, take out the fifty I am payin' you, and also for the grub I buy. That's all there is to it. And, mainly, I don't want no palaver with you nor with anybody else. I just wanta' be all by myself. I'll leave you notes, if I ain't at my shack when you deliver the stuff, if I want anything extry. If I ain't there, don't look me up. And if I am, don't even speak to me. They ain't no more to say. Agreed?"

Storekeeper Bradson agreed with alacrity. An extra fifty dollars per month for doing practically nothing. Within a few hours, Jemuel Gnaggs was ensconced in a remotely-situated cabin, about five miles up the single trail that led to the next town, Sandy Bar, sixty miles distant. So deserted was this section, that only two other cabins were on the same trail between Jemuel's new place and the town of Screechin' Hollow. Swett Kelly, erstwhile saloon-keeper, lived in the first one and, as Jemuel was glad to learn, Pest Bradson himself owned the next one, three miles from Gnaggs' place. Jemuel's cabin was the last one out from town.

For three months Jemuel Gnaggs lived as he wished. He had finally succeeded in arranging things so he would have as little contact as possible with mankind in general. Pest Bradson was keeping up his end of the bargain with dependable regularity. Each Wednesday he would deliver enough grub, tobacco and whisky to keep Jemuel well supplied until the following week.

Slowly, but surely, then, a dark pall of fear and horror descended upon the little town of Screechin' Hollow. Men began to disappear, one by one.

Fully fourteen men—including several of Screechin' Hollow's best and most respected businessmen—simply disappeared within the short period of two months. The fear-ridden folks of the town organised searching parties, informal guard details, and started a policing system. Still, every now and then a lone man would seem to be swallowed up by horrible, unseen forces. .

From the first, to be sure, the human-being hater, Jemuel Gnaggs, was under suspicion. Supposedly unknown to Gnaggs, a round the clock watch was set upon him. Two men, from the safe distance of high, hidden crags and runs, spied upon him as he hunted, fished, and listlessly did a bit of prospecting.

It was duly noted when he went into, and left, his cabin. But not one thing could be brought forth as evidence that the strange hermit, Gnaggs, was the cause of the untimely disappearances. Yet, men continued to vanish.

In Pest Bradson's general store, one cloudy morning, a hushed group was seated around the stove. As though

afraid to hear their own voices, they whispered about the latest vanishing man—Lem Maybry, the mayor

Deeply wrapped in their own fearsome thoughts, the group was startled suddenly. Jemuel Gnaggs had made his way into the store, and stood before them. He singled out Pest Bradson. Pointing a long, bony finger at him, Jemuel said, "You're gettin' paid to help me keep private by myself. How come you stand for me being trailed and spied on? I been puttin' up with it for a long time—but it's got to stop. Anyway, what's the idea?"

Pest blurted out. "Men have been gettin' swallowed up in thin air. Vanishin' They leave to visit another town, maybe, or just mosey up the trail toward Sandy Bar—the trail that passes your shack. They don't come back."

"What's that to me?" asked Gnaggs. "This world could do without a he'l of a lot of men. None of 'em, includin' me, is any good." He leaned down and patted a mangy, one-eyed yellow dog that had followed him into the store. "This here dog, what I found, a'one, out on the trail, though, he's different. I'd hate to see him disappear. But men, bah!"

"That's just why we put watchers on you, Gnaggs. I told everybody how you hate humans. You probably enjoy killin' 'em. We think you're responsible—"

Carl Luttig, the town blacksmith and part-time judge of the miners' court, butted in. "Now, wait a minute, Pest," he said. "I admit, Gnaggs, you are under suspicion. But—so is everybody else, now. It just happens, though, that these missing men didn't turn up missin' until you'd been in these diggin's for a time. An', you wantin' to be a hermit."

Jemuel Gnaggs cut in. "So, these wise hombres thought they was detectives, huh? Spyin' on me. Hell, I wouldn't kill nobody. Human bein's ain't worth even killin'. But—I want to be left alone. I aim to do some detectin' myself. I aim to clear this up—for only one reason. I want peace and privacy."

It was a full week before Jemuel Gnaggs appeared in town again. Followed by the one-eyed hound, he made his way directly to Carl Luttig's blacksmith shop. Jemuel Gnaggs brought forth a greasy old flour sack. Dumping the contents on a work table, he grunted, "I hope you ain't got a squeamish belly."

Carl Luttig gazed, speechless and horrified, at the assorted feet, legs, arms—and one bearded head—of former human beings.

"What—where . . ." gasped the blacksmith.

"I said I was goin' to do some detectin'. I did it. Except the dog, here, is the real detective. He dug up th' first leg. That one with th' torn boot on it. Yep, he—"

"Where—tell me where this mess came from. And how—"

"You see—I did some figgerin'. As I heard it, all the men what disappeared were headed out the trail toward Sandy Bar. Only three shacks out on that trail. First, nearest town, is that saloon man's place, Swett Kelly, I think they call him. Next comes Pest Bradson's shack. Then, farthest from town, is mine. Now—I knew the men what vanished must've done it before they ever got near my shack. That meant, maybe, that they got waylaid at either of the other ones. First, I went down to Kelly's place. I snooped around some. Well, sir—I didn't find nothin'."

Jemuel stopped for a few breaths, then continued. "That dang dog—he started nosin' around in that yard of Pest's. He starts to howl and yell. All the time he is pawin' at somethin' in the ground. I gets off my horse to see what the rumpus is. When I get there, this dog has dug that there leg out of a shallow hole. Then, o' course, I knew. Makin' sure that Pest wasn't around, I got me a shovel from his shack and started diggin' every place the dog pawed and howled. There is what I dug up—right in Pest Bradson's front yard. Hard to tell what he's got buried in the back."

Carl Luttig found his voice. In a short time the entire town knew the mystery of the missing men had been solved. A detail was appointed to take the now snivelling Pest Bradson to the gaol, while a larger group went out to the shack to dig up more evidence.

They found it in vast quantity. Scattered around, under the dirt floor of the shack, around the sides and in back of the place, pieces of former citizens were recovered, in varying states of decay. The coroner estimated that at least twenty men had donated parts of their lifeless selves to the gruesome collection.

A few days later, at the big oak hangin' tree, at the edge of Screechin' Hol'ow, Jemuel Gnaggs stood at an aloof distance and watched the folks hang Pest Bradson.

Bradson died on that June morning of 1861 refusing to the last to give a reason why he had killed so many of his fellow townsmen. But to Jemuel Gnaggs it was perfect'y clear.

"I thought I was the world's champeen human being' hater," Gnaggs confided to Carl Luttig, as they watched the body sway in the breeze. "But I guess I wasn't. He must've hated 'em a dang sight more'n I do."

ALBERT ABARBANEL

the DANGER of ORANGE JUICE

Science now believes that orange juice aggravates peptic ulcers, damages teeth, and possibly adversely affects sexual powers.

ONE of the world's most distinguished medical publications, the "British Medical Journal" (May, 1950), recently carried an article that shou'd throw a major scare into millions of persons who are convinced that orange juice is a miracle health-producer and harmless to the system as well, regardless of the amount ingested.

This article emphasised the case of an American hobo who, after a long ride in a freight car, arrived in an orange-producing area and proceeded to stuff himself on the delicious juice of two dozen large oranges.

Promptly he fell sick. Rushed to a hospital, he was operated on. Two days later, however, he died, just as inevitably as though he had taken a lethal dose of arsenic.

The primary cause of his death was an intestinal obstruction, caused by the fibrous materials in the orange juice, according to Dr Neil Ward-McQuaid.

In North Carolina, Drs. John D. Yeagley and David Cayer set out to see what effect citrus fruit juices had on patients suffering from peptic ulcers. As their subjects, they selected 51 ulcerous patients at the North Carolina Baptist Hospital.

In 19 of these patients, the ulcers were active. Fourteen had ulcers in early stages of development, and in the remaining 18 the ulcers were currently inactive.

When orange juice was administered to these patients, the following results were noted. In the patients with active ulcers, the discomfort, pain and burning sensation was increased. In the patients afflicted with new or inactive ulcers, an increase of gastric activity was noted.

Citrus fruit juices "aggravate the symptoms of peptic ulcers," the doctors concluded in a report published in the North Carolina Medical Journal (November, 1948).

At famed Mayo Clinic, Drs Edward S. Stafne and S. A. Lovestedt set out to determine the harmful effects—if any—of lemon juice and other acid substances on the teeth.

Fifty patients who had developed the habit of drinking a glass of lemon juice and water upon arising in the morning were chosen for this experiment.

The teeth of all these patients were examined carefully. It was found that, in every case, the calcium of the tooth enamel "was cracking due to the erosive effect of the ascorbic acid in the lemon juice. Some of the patients had lost most of their front teeth, while others had large cavities in the front teeth. . . ."

For five days Dr Carey D. Miller fed one group of rats grapefruit or some other citrus fruit, giving another group the juice of the fruit only. On the sixth day, the rats were killed and their teeth and jaws studied.

"In all cases," Dr. Miller reported in the "Journal of Nutrition" (May, 1950), "the juices produced greater demonstrable erosion than the corresponding fruit, supporting the postulate that acid fruits have slighter erosive effects as compared to the considerable effect of juices made from them. . . ."

Large amounts of citric acid in the system may upset the calcium balance of the entire body, according to Dr. Egon. V. Ullman in his book "Diet in Sinus Infections and Colds." Not enough calcium will be retained in the system to serve as a "natural" protection against inflammations of these types.

Dr. Ullman goes on to recommend a reduction in consumption of citrus-fruit juices by persons suspected of having a calcium deficiency. "The problem is different when quick action against acidosis is needed," he also points out (the citrus-fruit juices actually counteract acidity in the system, though they are high in acids themselves).

The citrus fruits contain about ten per cent sugar. Naturally, the concentration of sugar is higher in the juice than in the whole fruit, which also includes the pulp. Emphasising that this is "the best kind of sugar, it is true," Dr. Melvin E. Page of the Biochemical Research Foundation of St. Petersburg, Florida, nevertheless goes on to warn that "but even then it can be used to excess.

"When this is done," Dr. Page continues, "it puts undue strain on the mechanism of the body, which maintains the right sugar level of the blood."

Too much citrus-fruit juice can make the blood more alkaline than it shou'd be, Dr. Page warns. After examining thousands of blood speci-

I love the modern artist
With all my heart and soul —
I can enthuse about him
Almost without control.
I think he's useful when alive,
When dead he should be
sainted,
Because things cannot be as
bad
As by his hand they're
painted.

—MacKEGG

mens, he has found excessive alkalinity in a great many instances.

We have become obsessed with the virtues of citrus-fruit juices and blind to their detrimental effects when taken in excessive quantities because we have come to associate them closely with Vitamin C. Vitamin C is, of course, essential to body-building and health if taken in proper quantities and proper concentrations.

For example, Vitamin C develops the bones and teeth, promotes growth, helps build healthy blood vessels and body cells, improves the "tone" of the tissues, and prevents scurvy. Lack of Vitamin C in adequate amounts causes bleeding of the small blood vessels, weakening of the bones and cartilege, dental caries, heart ailments, muscular ills, general depreciation of health, and deterioration of the sexual system.

It is more than ironic that Vitamin C is itself frequently referred to by an acid designation—ascorbic acid.

Most authorities point out, however, that Vitamin C is contained in a great many fruits and vegetables which do not produce the harmful effects of citric acid in excessive quantity and concentration. Tomato and prune juice, for example, are far less damaging to the tooth enamel than orange, grapefruit, lemon and pineapple juice. Broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower and parsley contain three times as much Vitamin C as any of the citrus fruits, while spinach, cantaloupe and parsnips contain just as much. Brussel sprouts, corn, cucumber, green peppers, strawberries and currants are all heavily laden with Vitamin C.

Dr. Page points out that when a man drinks fruit juice, he is guided by the thirst centre and not the hunger centre of the brain in determining when he's had enough. "The thirst centre of the brain was made to work only on water," Dr. Page writes. "When we drink juices we will drink until thirst is satisfied not until hunger is satisfied. In this way we are apt to get more at a time than we should get.

"If we eat the fruit we are not apt to get an excess of this type of food. An orange or two will do us. But when drinking the juice, we may take the contents of a dozen oranges to satisfy our thirst."

Therefore, some authorities recommend: When getting your Vitamin C from citrus fruits, eat the fruits in preference to drinking the juice. If the juice is drunk, it should be consumed sparingly and with caution, preferably not on an empty stomach.

Biochemists assert that it is necessary to consume from one to three oranges a day in order to obtain enough Vitamin C to prevent scurvy and maintain good health. But the high proportion of sugar, citric acid, and citrates in citrus fruits makes the consumption of more than one orange a day undesirable.

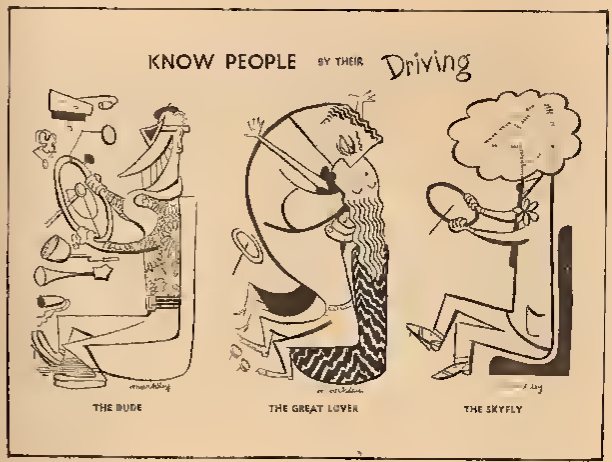
Therefore, cutting down on citrus fruits and especially their juices and the substitution of more of the other fruits and vegetables that contain Vitamin C but not so much of the harmful sugars and acids is widely recommended.

There is some evidence that citrus fruits raised with the use of chemical fertilisers have less Vitamin C and more citric acid than those raised by the "organic method," using natural fertilisers. Amazingly, widespread scurvy was recently reported in Leon County, Florida, and even in Tallahassee, capital of that citrus-producing state. And in California, renowned for its citrus fruits, 48 per cent. of the schoolchildren were recently found to be getting inadequate amounts of Vitamin C in their diet.

This is by no means a recommendation to abolish citrus fruits and their juices from the diet. It is only suggested that their use be curtailed when they are now consumed to excess, and some of the needed Vitamin C obtained from other sources.

If you will do this, overseas authorities now believe, the condition of your mouth, teeth, tissues and bones will improve, you will be less prone to gastric disturbances of certain sorts, and your body will have less difficulty in maintaining the proper acid-alkaline balance necessary for maximum health and vigour.

Remember that many "health faddists" who drink gallons of citrus-fruit juices each year fail to attain the perfect health they seek. The recent findings given in this article point to one of the major reasons why.



when a landowner REVOLTS

LEO KELLY

Robert Kett led a strange revolt which was bloodless — until the authorities used force.

A MOB of starving peasants armed with pikes broke into a paddock near Norwich one summer day in 1549 and violently proceeded to flatten the hedges. "Before you gentry steal the common lands from us, we will pull down every enclosure in the county," they yelled to the stout red-faced landowner as he approached.

To their amazement the landowner smiled. "I'm with you, lads, let me give you a hand," and he set to and helped raze his own fences.

"Right," he cried when they had finished. "Now let's move on to the other enclosures." The peasants cheered and, shouldering their pikes, the motley throng set off with the smiling thick-set man as leader.

Thus began Robert Kett's Rebellion —one of the strangest revolts in British history. Commencing as a noisome but bloodless demonstration by an exasperated populace, it developed into a full-scale uprising, which was later drowned in blood by the panic-stricken authorities employing Italian and German mercenaries.

Robert Kett himself met a gruesome death at the hands of the public executioner. Nevertheless, the revolt, which was carried out under the banner of the rising merchant class, dealt a savage blow at English feudalism.

Henry VIII had died only two years before, and "Merrie England," if it ever existed, had died with him. The country groaned on a rack of economic woes designed by the incompetent Duke of Somerset, who as Lord Protector of the Realm governed on behalf of Henry's ailing 11-year-old son, Edward VI.

Food was short and people starved. The landed nobility, excited by the high price of wool abroad, switched from corn production to sheep raising, throwing thousands of labourers out of work.

Greedy for additional pastures, and with the tacit consent of the Government, they commenced forcibly enclosing the common lands used from time immemorial by the peasants for grazing and cultivation. The vulgar display of their new-found wealth before a starving populace sharpened antagonisms.

The price of wheat soared and bread became too dear for most people. Blackmarkets thrived. Speculators appeared in the building industry and rents jumped. Henry's debased coinage, which contained more lead than silver, started to pay off with inflation, and unemployment in the towns. When the Government grabbed the insurance funds belonging to the powerful working men's guilds, it was the last straw.

A mass riot took place and the enraged yeomen and artisans burst out of the township to vent their wrath upon newly enclosed common lands nearby.

The revolt spread. Within a week, the peasantry throughout Norfolk were swarming over the countryside, cutting down park palings, driving off deer, filling ditches and levelling banks and hedges.

Kett, who had been joined by his brother William, set up a camp of turf huts roofed with boughs at Mousehold Hill, a site dominating Norwich. Soon more than 16,000 men had flocked to his banner.

Appointing themselves as friends and deputies of the boy King, the rebels at first confined themselves to levelling enclosures and arresting members of the local gentry.

Charged with robbing the poor, the gentry were tried by Kett under the Oak of Reformation, near the camp. Judgments were not harsh. Those found guilty were imprisoned in the camp.

Food was forcibly requisitioned from country homes.

Guns, swords, pikes, lances and bows were also acquired in the name of the people.

The Duke of Somerset was not greatly worried when informed of the revolt. He felt some sympathy for the rebels and had vague plans to remedy the twin evils of bad money and enclosures. Hoping to come to some understanding, he sent a herald who, accompanied by the Mayor of Norwich, visited Mousehold Hill.

The herald bade the men in the King's name to depart to their homes, promising without exception a free pardon to all concerned.

Unexpectedly Kett objected to the word "pardon." The men were not offenders but good servants of the Crown, he claimed.

The herald replied that he was a traitor and proceeded to arrest him. The rebels thought they were be-

trayed and in the resulting melee the Mayor and the herald retreated to Norwich and closed the gates.

This was taken at once as a declaration of war. A single night served for the preparations and the next morning Norwich was assaulted.

Although repeatedly thrown back by the townsmen, the rebels finally stormed their way over a weak spot in the walls and the town was taken.

The Government was now thoroughly aroused. A strong body of regulars, supplemented by Italian mercenaries, was sent at once to Norwich under the command of Lord Northampton.

Northampton took command of the town and the gates were again closed. The next morning the fighting recommenced, the Italians being first engaged. An Italian officer was captured and carried up to Household where he was stripped and hanged.

The insurgents brought their cannon close to the walls and attempted a night assault. They failed, but fought so resolutely that Northampton renewed an offer of a free pardon all round. It was promptly rejected.

The next day the rebels stormed the walls and forced their way into Norwich a second time. Sheffield was killed and Cornwallis captured, while Northampton and his other companions fled.

In the confusion some buildings were set on fire, and a few homes plundered. But Kett again restored order and insisted upon the stolen property being returned.

Meanwhile war had broken out with France and risings had flared up in Devonshire and Yorkshire.

Panic-stricken by Northampton's defeat, Somerset immediately sent the Earl of Warwick to crush the uprising in Norfolk.

Pushing ahead of his army, Warwick rallied the remains of Northampton's troops. He marched to Norwich, where he immediately sent a herald inside the rebel held town with the offer of another free pardon.

Kett was now satisfied with his successes and was agreeable. He allowed the herald to read the proclamation and agreed to return with him to interview Warwick. Suddenly an urchin who was present hurled an obscene oath at the messenger.

The man promptly levelled his arquebus and shot the boy dead. A cry of treachery arose. Kett tried in vain to pacify the indignant crowd.

The following morning Warwick advanced upon the city. The gates were blown open and he forced his way into the market place, where 60 men were taken prisoner and hanged on the spot.

Most of the insurgents however escaped from the town and joined up with a reserve force on Mousehold Hill. A number of them intercepted Warwick's ammunition waggons in the rear and carried them off. Another group charged and captured all his cannon.

Warwick's position was now perilous. He was urged to abandon the town and return with reinforcements later. But he decided to hang on and wait for his own German mercenaries.

His hunch proved correct. The rebels failed to consolidate their initial success by following up with an attack. Two days later the Lanzknechts arrived.

The next morning by a side movement Warwick cut off the insurgents from their provisions. Realising that it was now or never, Kett and his men broke camp and under cover of smoke from their burning cabins came down to do battle.

The Lanzknechts replied with sustained fire which threw the dense and unorganised rebel masses into rapid confusion. As their lines wavered, Warwick's horse rode in.

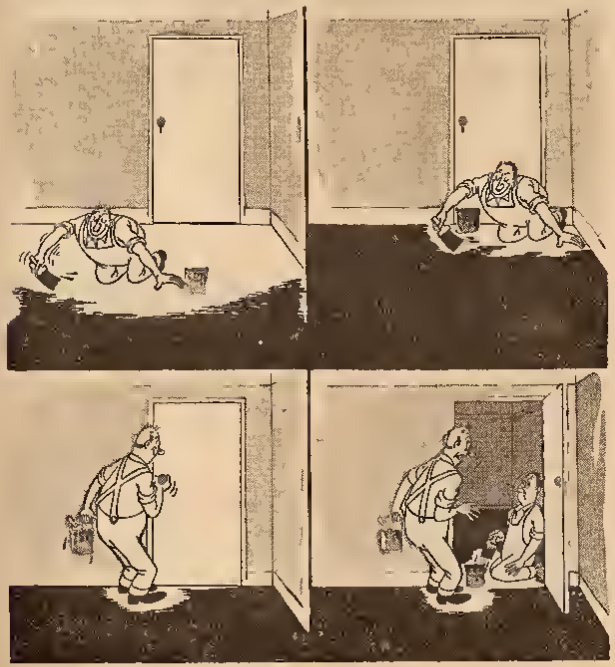
Soon the fields were covered with a scattered and flying crowd. More than 3,500 were hacked down in flight.

Kett escaped for the time being, but several days later, he was captured with his brother in a barn some miles away. They were taken to London where they were eventually dragged through the streets, then hanged, disembowelled, beheaded and quartered at Tyburn.

Robert's remains were later hung in chains from Norwich Castle, while those of his brother William were strung up on the church steeple at Wymondham.

Thus ended the Kett Rebellion, remarkable among other things for the order which was observed among the people during the seven weeks of revolt against the State.

As a result measures were shortly taken to check the enclosures and revive agriculture. Later the First Poor Law was introduced, compelling each parish to look after its impoverished members.



Australian bushrangers vowed to die shooting. Few did. But Fred Lowry bravely stuck to his guns.

DREW HOLLAND

DEATH before SURRENDER

"ACTING on information received," Senior Sergeant James Stephenson might have said in evidence in Court at the later trial, "I led my patrol for fifteen miles through the bush to Vardy's hotel at Cooksvale Creek. I posted Troopers Sanderson and Kampfm at the rear of the building to cut off escape in that direction With Trooper Herbert, I approached the front door. Just at daybreak I knocked, holding a revolver at the ready in my hand

"Police," Stephenson said curtly. "Have you any strangers in your house?"

If Vardy hesitated, who could blame him! He was between the deep blue sea of the law against abetting bushrangers and the devil of reprisal by outlaws and their friends, for Lowry, his mate Cummins, and five friends were asleep at the hotel

Stephenson bounced him. "The place is surrounded Where's Lowry?

Vardey capitulated, his hand jerked nervously towards the door of a verandah room. "In there."

Herbert held the publican in arrest, while the Sergeant rapped on the door indicated. "Police. Come out and surrender!"

There was no answer so Stephenson lurched his hefty shoulder at the door. The lock broke. The Sergeant jumped back quickly to give himself a shooting distance to his liking. His Colt revolver, thumbed for instant action, was trained on the doorway.

Fred Lowry did come out, but with a revolver in either hand spitting flame to blast a way through the police cordon.

* * *

In the galaxy of outlaws of the bushranging firmament of the 1860's, the humble extras are apt to be overlooked in concentration on the stars. The Eugowra Gold Escort Robbery put the brand of fame—or of infamy—on Frank Gardiner. When he eloped with Kitty Brown to Queensland, Ben Hall gathered the falling mantle around himself in his leadership of the Weddin Gang.

Lone dingo of the bush, Morgan, won ignominy and loathing as a brutal killer, with Tom Clarke and his bunch (in popular conception) high in that same rating. By way of comparison, Thunderbolt (Fred Ward) earned a begrudged credit for his unnotched guns.

Lowry's star was dimmed by the brilliance of those others His reign in the bush was short-lived in comparison with some of those named, but it was marked by more than one spectacular coup. However, in general, it followed the pattern of most other Wild Colonial Boys gone bad. And like them, he swore the solemn vow—"Death before surrender."

Yet comparatively few of these desperadoes of the Australian bush had the courage to honour that vow when brought face to face with the probability of swift death from the gun-hand of the law. But Lowry did.

Of the eight Eugowra Gold robbers, the leader, Gardiner, and six others were arrested. Ben Hall, who was acquitted, died later under a hail of police lead, though without firing a shot himself Johnny Gilbert, the only one of the eight who never felt the "darbies" on his wrists, died in a fighting retreat from superior forces of the law.

The Clarke brothers surrendered when cornered in similar circumstances to Lowry. Morgan walked into an ambush of 15 guns and was shot down without warning, while Eugowra robber O'Meally fell in action to private lead Thunderbolt, however (if it were he, as some dispute), met death when shooting it out with Constable Walker at Uralla, in 1870

Lowry, like most of the others named, graduated to bushranging through the kindergarten of cattle-duffing and horse stealing. He was born at Homebush (Sydney), in 1836, and the family — four boys and two girls—went to the Bland district, where the sons became stockmen and the girls married squatters.

Fred earned spurs rapidly as the best "brumby buster" west of the Blue Mountains, but his eye for good horesflesh developed into a habit of acquiring such without the owner's knowledge or the formality of payment When a warrant was issued for his arrest, he bolted for the Abercrombie Ranges, west of Goulburn, taking a girl friend with him.

The Abercrombies were the haunt of many horse thieves and cattle-duffers among them Johnny Vane and Mickey Burke, later of Ben Hall's gang. Lowry was in congenial company, but the police jumped his camp one day. Fred managed to show a clean pair of heels, but the girl was captured; she was convicted as an accessory of

NO 4F'S HERE

WHEN the Italians invaded Abyssinia, Emperor Haile Selassie issued this mobilization order: "When this order is received, all men and boys able to carry a spear will go to Addis Ababa. Every married man will bring his wife to cook for him. Women with babies, the blind, and those too aged or infirm to carry a spear are excused. Anyone found at home after receiving this order will be hanged."

Fred Lowry, suspected bushranger.

With the brand thus put upon him, Lowry "turned out" in earnest, declaring war on the "traps." He plied his new trade of highway robbery without being caught in the act until October, 1862, when he became involved in a drunken brawl at a sports meeting at Campbell River.

Six feet two inches tall, exceptionally strong and active, Fred could use his fists to good purpose. He had laid out a dozen men before the hostile mob got him to the ground. They were kicking him to death when the police arrived, only to recognise the intended victim as a wanted man. Fred was lodged in Bathurst Gaol awaiting trial, and in company of more than a dozen other suspected, or avowed, bushrangers.

On February 13, 1863, Lowry escaped. Eleven days later, and armed only with a butcher's knife, Lowry held up an hotel at Grabben Gullen. His booty included a shotgun, a pistol, ammunition, and a horse. He was equipped for further ventures. three days later, he held up the Mudgee Mail and decamped with the registered bag.

With Larry Cummins and Jack Foley as henchmen, Lowry engaged in desultory bushranging, mainly between Yass and Cowra. Then on July 13, 1863, they made a chance haul that dimmed, for a day, the lustre of the Eugowra Gold Robbery, with its £14,000 loot in notes and gold.

Big Hill, 16 miles from Bowenfels, was the venue, and the Mudgee Mail, east-bound across the Blue Mountains, the conveyance of the chief victim.

Neither coachman nor passengers had the slightest suspicion of two riders whom they saw coming steadily down the hill. They had every appearance of prosperous squatters. One, however, Foley, presented his revolver at the driver, while Lowry held up the passengers. Kater showed fight, his hand darting for a gun strapped at his waist.

"Hands up! Or I'll shoot you dead!"

Lowry's voice rasped with menace no less deadly than that of the baleful, black bore of the revolver aimed at the bank man's forehead. Wisely, Kater yielded. With dismay, he watched Lowry pull a carpet-bag from the coach. He knew that it held £5,700 in notes of the Joint Stock Bank.

As Cummins rode leisurely from his look-out post on the crest of the hill, Lowry played the gentleman. "We never rob women, ma'am," he told Mrs. Smith.

Three weeks later, Foley was captured, hopelessly drunk, at McLey's hotel at Campbell River. He confessed to the hiding place of his share of the loot, and the Bank recouped itself of nearly one-third of its loss. Meantime, in the company of Cummins, Lowry —now with £500 reward against him —had ridden through the bush towards Goulburn. The two stopped at Vardy's hotel for a celebration.

Lowry's revolver spoke twice as he emerged from the room, before the policeman's hammer fell for the first time, but there was good reason for that tardiness on the part of the law. Fred's first bullet drew blood by grazing the knuckles of the Sergeant's gun-hand. If the policeman ducked instinctively, it was from the vicious whine of hot lead close to his ear.

Then the law spoke with powder and lead. His first shot missed the mark, but the second, fast-following, found human flesh. It tore a ragged hole in Lowry's throat. Blood gushed in a crimson stream, as Fred crashed back on the floor.

Stephenson approached the door cautiously. "Come out with your hands up! Quick, or we'll shoot!"

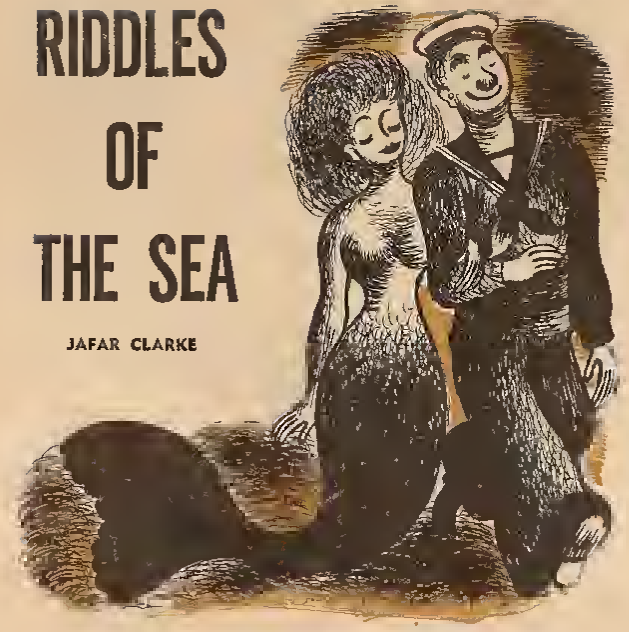
A bullet from the policeman's gun, crashing into the room, emphasised the threat. Cummins came out with his hands hoisted high. He lived to earn fifteen years hard labour.

And Lowry? Fred Lowry died at dawn next day. His last words were "Tell the boys I died game."

He was true to his vow—death before surrender.

RIDDLES OF THE SEA

JAFAR CLARKE



Sea monsters, mermaids, ghosts and phantom ships all have their place in sea lore. And some stories are amazingly logical.

NOT over five years ago, a truthful, honest ex-aviator, Edward Rowe Snow, was advised by his doctor to take a day off and relax. Taking the doctor's advice, he got his canoe and a small boy and went fishing off the Massachusetts coast.

The small boy put a line overboard and started to fish. He had caught a few flounders when he hooked onto something so heavy that he could not pull it in. Snow put down his paddle and grasped the line and almost decided that he had hooked a rock. After a struggle, and nearly capsizing the canoe, up came a "sea monster." His mouth was as big as a bucket, wide open, and from it protruded two five-fingered hands. There were long spikes sticking up from his back and his eyes waved around on the end of wires, like electric lights on flexible sticks.

Pulling the sea-beast into the canoe, Snow and the boy pulled for the shore and inside of a few minutes had the A.P., U.P., the Boston newspapers, the newsreels and Harvard University on the phone. Old fishermen and newsmen all agreed that it was the weirdest critter that had appeared from the Atlantic since the great sea-serpent of 1819 had visited the same area and astounded the residents of the nearby towns of Lynn and Nahant.

In August, 1817, a sea-monster put on a fine show for the people of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and nearby Cape Ann. Hundreds of men, women and boys saw it with their own eyes. Colonel Harris, commandant of Fort Independence, stated that the sentries saw the serpent swimming around the fort. The Hon. Amos Lawrence, an eminent Boston citizen, viewed it from his summer home on high ground.

In the words of Colonel Perkins who went to Gloucester with his spy glass, he saw . . . "an object moving rapidly up the harbor. As he approached it was easy to see his motion was not that of a common snake . . . but the vertical movement of a caterpillar . . . there was visible about forty feet of his body and the entire length must have been much greater as he left a considerable wake in his rear. The head was flat in the water and the animal was a chocolate colour. A great many people watched him for about twenty minutes until he disappeared. He moved slowly, and at the approach of a vessel sank, and was not seen again."

Where the sea-serpent went to is in question, but he was reported in many places and finally the furore died down. Then, two years later, he played a return engagement to even larger crowds off Lynn and Nahant where he evidently appreciated the greater watching audience.

Sailors of every land have gone on elaborating on the legends of the mermaid and the siren. On one coast the mermaid is a benevolent being, warning poor Jack of approaching peril, on another, she lays aside her fishy scales and dances on the beach.

Marine literature is full of ghosts. Sometimes they warned of impending danger. Captain Rogers in 1664 was heading for Cape Hatteras at night. He believed he was at a safe distance, when reading in his cabin, he glanced up and saw the spectre of a sailor, who had been drowned during a previous voyage.

"Go on deck," said the ghostly visitor, "and look about you," and then vanished.

The captain did so, and to his horror found he was running into shallow water, and immediately ordered the ship to put about. When morning came, land was in plain view and if it had not been for the warning all on board would probably have been lost on that graveyard of ships, Cape Hatteras.

Sometimes the spectre comes back to torment those who had injured them. Dana, the well-known author of "Two Years Before the Mast," tells a story of a sailor whose dearest possession was a violin on which he could only play one melody, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The sailor was brutally murdered by the captain, and the night after his body had been committed to the deep, the spirit of the murdered man was seen sitting on the bowsprit playing his favourite tune. A terrible storm arose and in the midst of the howling wind the strains of the ghostly violin were heard rising higher and higher as destruction became more and more imminent. The spirit of the fiddler could be seen laughing

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

Years ago — before World War Two hit us,
A pocket of smokes were a zac
In a pub you need only spend five bob
To be carried out on your back
You could buy a home so very cheap —
And furnish it for a few quids,
You could wed a girl on a small wage —
And easily raise several kids.
Food was cheap — and clothing was, too,
Movies set you back but two bob —
You could live very well on quite a small wage —
So long as you had a good job
There was usually some money left over each week —
Providing you were not too rash —
Now although you earn so much more dough,
There's too much week left — at the end of your cash!

—RAY-ME.

in glee at the horrified captain as he stared death in the face.

The tale of the Phantom Ship is probably the best known of all nautical legends. This is the Flying Dutchman, sailing the seas with a crew of skeletons rattling around in the rigging. It all started with a Dutch captain trying to double Cape Horn against a head wind. He profanely swore that he would keep his course come Hell and high water. In spite of the remonstrances of his crew, he laughed at their fears. When the crew threatened mutiny, they were flogged and some made to walk the plank. Cries from suffering victims rose to heaven and holy spirits swooped down before the captain and made merciful appeals to the enraged wretch. At some he threw dish-water, at others he fired a pistol, and finally a voice from above proclaimed that on account of his blasphemy he should be condemned forever to sail the seas—the evil genus of sailors.

That the story should become a legend is not strange and the Phantom Ship, when seen, is considered an evil omen. She brings sudden squalls and howling tempests. She leads those who follow in her wake onto shoals, quicksands and reefs. She is the Purgatory of wicked sailors, her skeleton crew is composed of the souls of thieves, pirates, murderers, all condemned to everlasting toil, with no rest, no play, and short rations.

The French mariners told a tale which made a toy boat out of the Flying Dutchman. They called their ghost ship the Chasse Foudre, "The Lightning Chaser," which was so large that it took seven years to tack or change her course. When she rolled, whales were stranded on the shore. Thirty thousand men spent thirty years making her hull. Her cables were as thick as the diameter of St. Peter's dome and so long that they could encircle the globe seven times. Her masts were so tall that a boy grew white-headed before reaching the first yard and her smallest sail was larger than all Europe.

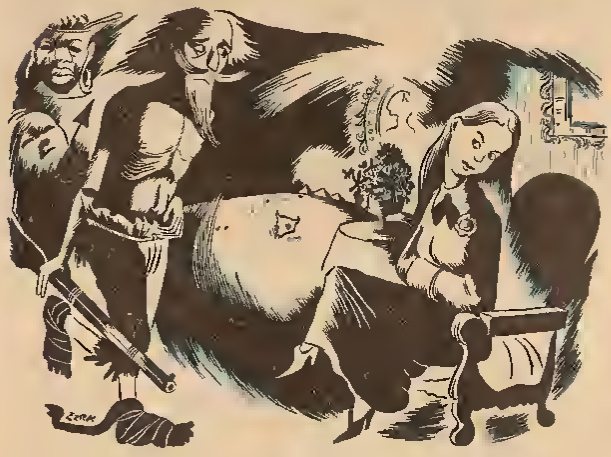
The explanation of these ghostly vessels has been explained by science and the most sceptical have seen them. They are mirages at sea. It is a fact that mirages can be seen on water more often than on land. In southern Europe the phantoms of vessels are often seen during the summer a day or two before their arrival. Sometimes the mirage will distort the ship, show her in the air, or doubly reflected both in the water and in the air, or upside down.

The steamship with her searchlights put an end to most of the phantom ship tales. The sailor no longer feels his way across the sea; by modern instruments he knows exactly where he is and with radar can even see through fog. Lighthouses and signal-buoys mark dangerous coasts and reefs; every island is charted.

The Flying Dutchman of the old time mariner has now been displaced by the Flying Saucers in the skies. Three hundred years ago the ghost of Da Gama pursued through the air by the spirits of his victims could be seen on certain nights. Da Gama and his cruelties are forgotten and so is his ghost but the aurora borealis still plays across the skies on certain nights and the flying saucers now and then appear, so that all romance and mystery is not entirely dead and gone with the old sailors who have departed to Davy Jones' Locker.

JOHN CHILWELL

walkabout for a wife



Ewart Grogan spent two and a half years walking from Capetown to Cairo to prove he was worthy of a girl.

WHEN, in early 1900, a half-starved and tattered white man with a handful of native bearers emerged from the bush just south of Fashoda, in Southern Sudan, a Captain Dunn, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, looked up suspiciously.

But as the scarecrow was carrying his rifle slung and not at the ready the captain's suspicion changed to curiosity.

"How do you do?" he said casually "Where are you from?"

"Cape Town," said the other equally laconically.

Major Ewart Scott Grogan was nearing the end of his epic walk from Cape Town to Cairo—and all for a woman. "My father-in-law first refused me his daughter's hand," Grogan reminisced years later, "saying I'd never done anything; so I travelled from the bottom end of the continent to the top and he changed his mind."

It took him two-and-a-half years and when he made Fashoda he was starved, bearded, tattered and exhausted.

On the trip he was twice attacked by hostile tribes, suffered extremes of heat and cold, braved lions and puff-adders, and was so near starvation at one stage that he swallowed a raw vulture and liked it.

"I think I used every means of then-known transport, except a camel," he said. "I went by horse, mule, ox-wagon, dhow, canoe, gunboat, but mostly by my two good feet. In some parts of the Nile swamp I had to crawl on my stomach.

"The Nile swamps were the worst part of the journey—interminable, endless swamps, where snakes and fever abound.

"In many parts of the journey the natives had never seen a white man I was a mystery to them."

Grogan first saw Africa as a youthful major during the Matabele War of 1896. After three weeks he got dysentery and "baemoglobinuric fever" and gleefully "shook his fist at Beira from a homeward-bound steamer, happy that he would never again set eyes upon those accursed sands." He was bound for an easy life as a Cambridge undergraduate.

But 13 months later, he was back again on his crazy venture, accompanied by another enthusiast named Arthur Sharp.

Khartoum at that time was in the clutches of the Khalifa; relations between Boer and Briton in South Africa were touchy, and head-hunting cannibals in the Congo were still plying their trade uninterruptedly.

But, undaunted, Grogan and Sharp set off from Cape Town on the first part of their trip—by rail to Bulawayo—"which meant four dismal days and three yet more dismal nights in a most dismal train."

Next stop was Beira (in Portuguese East Africa). From Beira along the Pungwe River, they spent nine leisurely months big game hunting.

Leaving the Zambesi in October, 1898, Grogan and Sharp foot-slogged, canoed, rode and gunboated their way through Blantyre, Lake Nyasa and Lake Tanganyika north to the then unexplored area of Ruanda-Urundi on the borders of the Belgian Congo. At Ujiji they engaged 130 porters, Sharp got sunstroke and both got fever.

They spent several months exploring the mountainous areas of Ruanda, named a few peaks, including Mount Sharp, and talked to some pygmies. One peak they named Mount Eyres soars to 13,000 feet.

They were now in cannibal country and at Mushari were attacked by members of the Baleka tribe. But .303s proved more than a match for spears. Grogan killed six of the screaming savages before they retreated.

At their village they found a bunch of human entrails drying on a stick, a gnawed thigh-bone with shreds of half-cooked meat attached, a gnawed raw forearm, a head with a "spoon" left sticking in the brains, a toasted hand, another head with one cheek eaten and "a stench that surpasseth all understanding."

At Lake Edward, a wizened old chief insisted on them being initiated as his blood-brothers. After a small nick was made on their chests and the blood smeared on a piece of meat, all solemnly ate. Grogan countered by shaking the chief's hand, explain-

A VISITING specialist was taken to the cubicle of a mental case who thought he was a king. "I know I am a a king," the man explained. "Satan told me so." At once a furious voice sounded from the next cubicle: 'I told you nothing of the kind!"

ing that "it was the Englishman's method of making blood-brotherhood."

At Toro, just before Lake Albert Nyanza, Sharp decided to "chuck in' and overlanded to Mombasa, while Grogan pushed on north, through the swamps of the Upper Nile.

In Dinkaland, in the Southern Sudan, he again struck trouble with the native inhabitants. Several dozen 6ft 6in. warriors, hoping for some easy loot, rushed Grogan's caravan. His Congo servant fell at the first onslaught, stabbed through the heart. Two others went down with cracked skulls.

The rest bolted, leaving Grogan to face the savages. He shot three of them dead at close quarters, killed the leader in a hand-to-hand fight, and put the rest to flight. Thereafter they kept a respectful distance.

"I climbed up a high ant-hill that was close," he wrote, "and could see them watching at about 300 yards for our next move, which was an unexpected one, for I planted a Dum-Dum apparently in the stomach of one of the most obtrusive ruffians, whom I recognised by his great height. . . .

"I found Dum-Dums expanded most satisfactorily on the human body, the wounds at exit being terrible rents. I attribute this to the softness of the human body, bullets expanding more readily on soft bodies or bones than on a solid substance like the body of a large antelope."

In Nuerland, a little further north, a Congo native who lagged behind the main party disappeared without trace. As it was open country the natives must have been expert kidnappers.

Pushing their way through dreary swamp and scrub, they walked into the trail of the Fashoda incident. Hardships were over for Grogan.

"In the course of a chequered career, I have seen many unwholesome spots, but for a God-forsaken, dry-sucked, fly-b'own wilderness, commend me to the Upper Nile; a desolation of desolations, an infernal region, a howling waste of weed, mosquitoes, flies and fever, backed by a groaning waste of thorns and stones—waterless and waterlogged by turn."

The remainder of the journey to Cairo was covered in easy stages by foot, gunboat and rail.

Cecil John Rhodes wrote appreciatively: "I must say I envy you, for you have done that which has been for centuries the ambition of every explorer, namely, to walk through Africa from north to south. The amusement of the whole thing is that a youth from Cambridge during his vacation should have succeeded in doing what the ponderous explorers of the world have fail'ed to accomplish."

Grogan remained in the Africa he had at first despised. In 1901, back in South Africa, he became a Johannesburg town councillor. Two years later he settled in Kenya, where today he is one of the colony's biggest landowners.

Thirty-two years after his epic trek was over, Grogan was guest of honour of the first passenger aircraft from London to Capetown. He covered in eight days what it took him two-and-a-half years by foot. Today, the Comet does it in 24 hours.

"It seems beyond belief that a man cou'd have that double experience in a lifetime," he said in an interview at the time. "It shows how fast the world is moving.

"This time I shall accomplish the journey in luxury and comfort in an armchair, looking down on the great continent through which I struggled with so much hardship.

"I shall see desert, swamp, mountain, plain and veldt pass beneath me — and I shall remember everything.

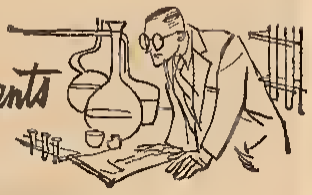
"On my new journey I shall have my regular meals. I shall sleep each night in a good hotel bed. I shall be able to have a bath each day.

"Most of the places and towns at which we shall descend on my new air trip did not exist when I made my first journey. They were not even places on the map.

"I shall be like the reverse of the 'Time Machine.' I shall have the most wonderful experience of any living man."

Today, now a retired colonel, Grogan is a striking figure, with long, flowing white hair and a white beard. He is a respected citizen and he still avers the trip was worth it.

THE END OF Arguments



Which babies are most intelligent?

Professor Gallaland, a psychologist at Chicago's Northwestern University, has devised a test for measuring a baby's intelligence quotient. It reveals that Negro babies in the first months of life have a slightly higher I.Q. than whites. In a test, 110 Negro babies had a mean I.Q. of 105.6, as compared to 103 for the same number of white infants. The difference is believed to result from the fact that, generally, Negro homes are smaller and more crowded. Consequently the children receive more contacts and stimulation. This opinion is borne out by the higher I.Q. (an average of five points) of babies living at home than those living in institutions.

How fast does a sneeze travel?

It has been estimated that, although a sneeze travels a distance of only two or three feet, it leaves the nose at a speed of 150 feet per second, which is more than 100 miles an hour. A good, vigorous sneeze generally ejects more than 100,000 germs into the air. Most of them fall to the ground out of harm's way in less than a minute, but hundreds may lurk around for unsuspecting victims for several hours.

What happens when a mosquito bites?

Actually it is less a bite than a drilling operation as elaborate as sinking an oil well. In two seconds the attacking mosquito stabs through the victim's skin with four thin, sharp mandibles in her snout or mouth. She then injects a flexible, pointed tube called a fascicle. To increase bleeding and deter coagulation, she squirts in an irritant saliva. That leaves only the actual gorging of your blood, which may take a minute if she is left in peace. The swelling or itch is believed to be caused by an irritant—an albuminous protein—she leaves behind.

Is whale palatable?

It is only recently that meat-hungry post-war populations have come to realise that whaling crews for the past century have been right in describing prime young whale steaks as food fit for a feast. To be palatable, however, the whale "beef" must be eaten quickly. It is only with the development of modern quick-freeze methods that the public has been able to get the steaks before they spoil. As with beef or chicken, the age of the whale determines the taste of the meat. Although Eskimos drool over raw whale, it is generally considered preferable to cook it thoroughly with onions, herbs, tomatoes and savoury sauces to bring out the best qualities of its flavour.

the papered doll

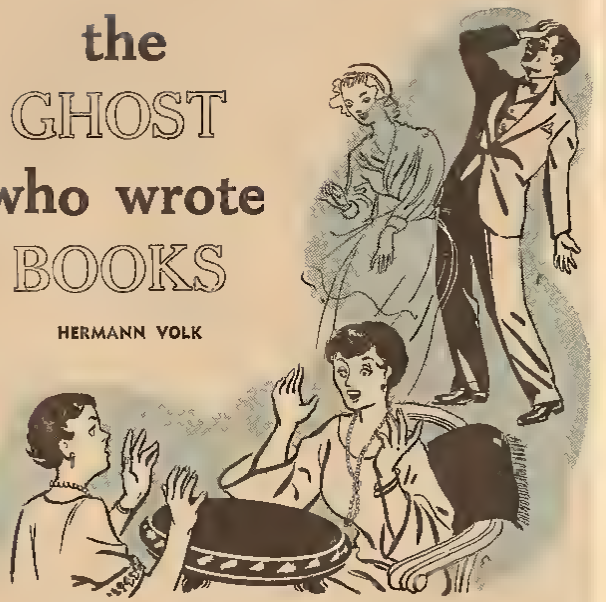
No, she's not cupping items of interest out of that newspaper. Her name is Urbie—just Urbie, nothing else—and she's all set to show you how a girl with ideas, a pair of scissors and a newspaper can fashion herself a slick, serviceable and seductive Bikini bathing suit. You don't believe it? Well just have a look over here. . .

Sitting cross-legged on the ground like a true tailor, Urbie has already completed an eye catching bra. In her hands she's got the cut-out paper for the remainder of as form fitting a swimsuit as we've seen for many a day. Yet another Swedish beauty to invade Hollywood, Urbie is a volcanic ash blonde, and she is set to follow her compatriots Garbo, Bergman and Toren to the pinnacle of film success

Here is the finished job. Urbie makes a last minute adjustment to be sure there's no danger of a slip-off and is all set to try it in the pool. Hold still, Urbie, and let some of these starving so-and-sos catch up with their reading. That could be the society page she's got there, and no doubt you wouldn't mind providing her with any society she might want

the GHOST who wrote BOOKS

HERMANN VOLK



A housewife established contact with a spirit who wanted to write books. The liaison produced several best sellers.

MRS John Curran, of St Louis, Missouri, was not exactly what you'd call a "mystical" person. She was a solid average housewife Her husband was a steady, hard-headed employee of the Department of Immigration.

On July 13, 1913, while downtown shopping, Mrs Curran bought an Ouija Board This was a popular form of parlor entertainment at the time, and Mrs. Curran had decided it was time she had one around her own home. It cost about three dollars.

An Ouija Board in case you've never seen one, is a flat piece of wood with the letters of the alphabet printed on its surface. It comes equipped with a small, three-legged "table" that rests on the Board and serves as a pointer. When the fingers of a "sensitive" person, or several such persons, are placed on this little table, it moves around the board, spelling out words.

The common belief was that a "spirit" guided the pointer around.

Mrs. Curran and a neighbour got together over the Board in her living room.

They were at it quite awhile, watching the pointer spell out a haphazard word here or there, and were about to hike off to bed—when suddenly the little table under their fingers seemed endowed with great animation. The message it spelled out made them jump with fright

"Many moons ago I lived. Again I come. Patience Worth my name," the Board was saying. The women hastily jerked their fingers from the pointer, but still it moved on. "I would speak to thee," it wrote.

Mrs. Curran shouted for her husband. John took one look at the jumping pointer—and stopped laughing. It was spelling words all right, even though no one was touching it. It was, in fact, getting poetic, with these lines:

Am I a brokan lyre,
Who, at the Master's touch,
Respondeth with a twinkle and a whir?
Or am I a string in full
And at his touch
Giva forth the full chord?

After this enigmatic but beautiful verse, Patience told something of herself. She'd been born in Dorsetshire, England, around 1650, it seemed Later on, while still a young lady, she'd moved to Martha's Vineyard, just off the coast of Massachusetts

Most important of all, she spoke of having all her life dreamed of being a writer. And she'd had a few "fine poems of my own" running around in her head, just before she met a horrible death at the hand of savage Indians.

During the evenings that followed, sometimes alone, sometimes with friends, Mrs Curran spent all her time at the Ouija Board. Patience Worth told lots more about herself. Most of the time, however, she recited poetry.

Like the rest of her talk, the poetry was in peculiar dialect of 17th century England. Mrs Curran jotted the verses down, and, when she had enough of them, brought them to a publisher. They were printed in book form, under the title "Tha Light Beyond." The book enjoyed great popularity—and sales.

Soon another book had come from the tireless Ouija Board. This was titled "Hope Trueblood," and it, too, became a best seller. The famous literary critic, Francis Hackett, called it a fine piece of work.

The last book written by the Board was "A Sorry Tale." It told of the life and times of Christ, and someone brought it to the attention of Professor Roland Greene Usher, Dean of History at Washington University.

Professor Usher called it "the greatest story of Christ since the Gospels," and declared that even a scholar of the 17th century dialect could not have written it as it had been done—without a single grammatical fault of a slight anachronism here or there. If a scholar couldn't do it, then certainly an uneducated St. Louis housewife couldn't either.

The books and Mrs. Curran created quite a stir at the time, which today has been more or less forgotten. The little housewife died in 1934, almost unknown. Not long before her death, investigators had gone to Martha's Vineyard, looking for evidences of a long-dead girl named Patience Worth.

They found that someone by that name had actually lived in the region during the late 1600s And, although she'd left no written words behind her on paper, she had been thought a little queer by the local people—"because she was always spouting poetry."

Crime Capsules

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The superiority of fingerprinting over the Bertillon measurement system for identification purposes was proved by an incident at Leavenworth Penitentiary in 1903. While measuring a new inmate named Will West, the clerk claimed he remembered the prisoner from a previous sentence. West firmly denied ever having served time at Leavenworth, but the clerk was so sure of himself that he went to a file case, pulled out a certain card—and beamed with satisfaction. It was the record of a William West, and his photograph and measurements were unquestionably those of the new arrival. Then the clerk looked at the back of the card and discovered that the man it described was already a prisoner there. The fact that these two "identical" men had radically different fingerprints was responsible for the immediate and widespread adoption of fingerprinting.

VOLUNTARY DEMOTION

Many men have bearded the boss in his den and asked for a promotion, when someone requests a demotion, however, it is news. Such was the case not so long ago with a police sergeant in the Tennessee City of Knoxville. To his superior he wrote "My reason for wanting the demotion is that I feel the difference in pay, 17 cents per day, is insufficient compensation for the responsibilities that a sergeant must assume.

JUSTICE PLUS

A motorist in Denver, Colorado, was recently arrested for speeding through town at 80 miles an hour. He was fined 34 dollars. Thinking this verdict unfair, the motorist appealed to the County Court. After hearing the case, the all-women jury agreed that the fine was not just. Their verdict in its place was: A fine of 300 dollars, a jail sentence of 90 days on a charge of driving while intoxicated, 100 dollars and 30 days more for being under the influence of liquor, 25 dollars for running past a red light, 50 dollars for reckless driving and 25 dollars for careless driving.

Which all goes to show that second thoughts are not always the best. Another moral would seem to be: "Be satisfied with your lot." Or, perhaps, the motorist associated with the wrong type of women.

PROOF POSITIVE

An ingenious burglar, it has been reported, obtained entry to the office of a Los Angeles doctor by climbing through the transom over the door. However, in the process, he slipped and fell, cutting himself so badly that he had to phone the doctor's home and request he come to his assistance. The doctor hurried over—and so did the police.

Study by Stephen Glass

HANDS

THE VISION OF THE DEAD NEGRO'S FINGERS HAUNTED HIM—UNTIL OTHER FINGERS CLOSED ON HIS WINDPIPE

A COUPLE of nights ago the whole bunch of us, all wearing the Klan hoods, went and burned a huge cross right outside the gaol. That's a sure way of putting a Nigger's wind up. Next morning the sheriff came around and swore in some new deputies. He was plenty nervous and tried to calm things over a bit; but by that time folks in town were too worked up to listen to him much.

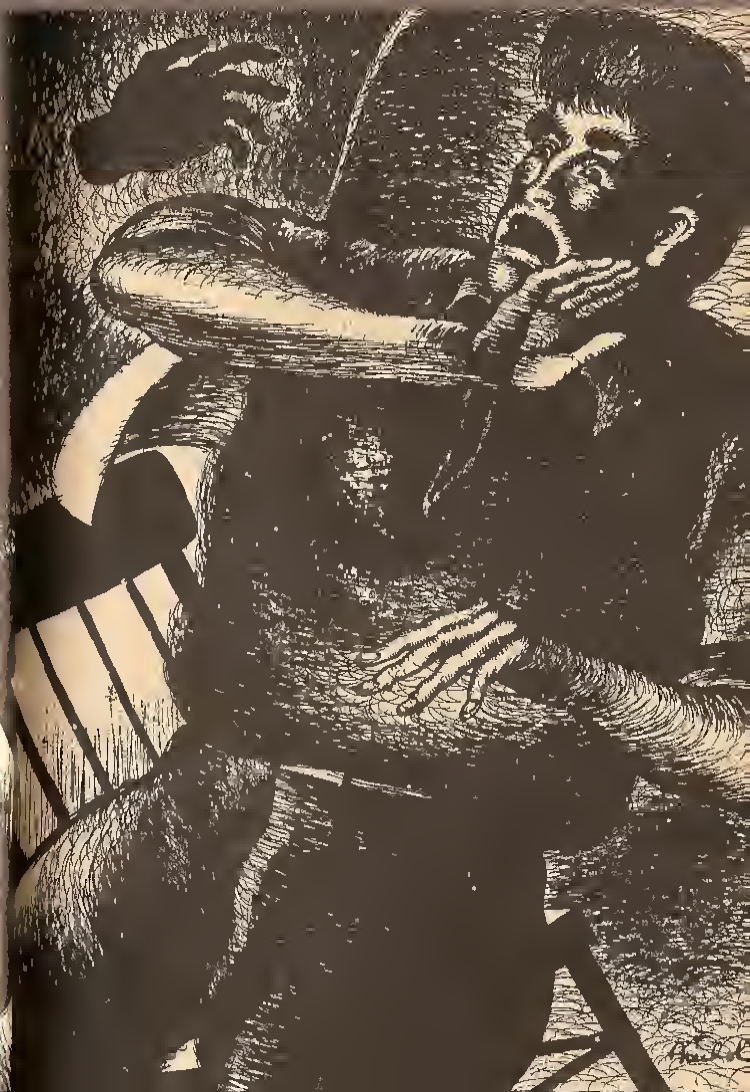
There was some talk about transferring the Nigger to another gaol, or the militia coming down from Atlanta, but nothing happened. Steve Forbes figured it was the next election. they were afraid of losing too many votes if they brought the troops in.

From then on it was our game all the way; for when folks found out there weren't going to be any soldiers, they got mighty brave about the whole business and even picked out a suitable tree with nice strong branches.

Steve Forbes called out what tha hell were we waiting for, and our bunch started moving towards the courthouse where the gaol is.

Bunches of people kept joining us from the side streets. A few of them carried guns; most had clubs or bats and some picked up stones as we went along. Someone, I don't know who, gave out the news that

JOHN STARK ● FICTION



Jomieson's o huge success

And his recipe is neat—

He makes hoy from the gross

that grows

'Neolh other people's feet!

—EX-Rex

the Nigger had confessed It spread around quickly. Soon all of us knew it, and Andy McCollm yelled that he had seen the confession signed.

Even the dumbest could see now that the Nigger was guilty. People had watched him hanging around the Arnsley house the day their little girl disappeared, so it was on the cards he'd had something to do with it.

We had a good mob going by then, must have been close to five hundred. We swarmed into Jackson Square and over to the courthouse on the far side. But there, suddenly, the crowd stopped On the gaol steps stood the sheriff with about a dozen deputies There weren't many of them, but they all had their guns and Sheriff Hoskins is the meanest shot in the county.

Hoskins started shouting at the crowd. He told them that he would see to it the Nigger didn't escape. There'd be a trial, and if the Nigger was guilty he'd fry just like anyone else. Then the sheriff said for us to go home quietly and not stop a man from getting a fair American trial But if we started anything, Hoskins went on, he'd shoot, and not in the air either.

Someone landed a brick in the sheriff's face that sent him spinning One of the deputies went down with a pair of brass-knuckles where his teeth should have been. The rest of them just took to their heels

I was lucky enough to be among the first that broke into the cell. Some of the poor guys outside missed the best part of the show. That Nigger sure was the queerest sight I'd ever seen I wouldn't ever have beheved that a Nigger can change his colour, but this one was white

We were fighting to get at him. Dave Gonyard pushed ahead of the rest and caught the Nigger a clip on the jaw that nearly sent him down for the count. After that I got my chance and landed a beauty in his stomach with my boot. He gave a croak and buckled up.

Two of us took him under the arms and dragged him outside.

Little Mickey Hornis gave a smart tug at his end of the rope and Mr. Nigger found himself dancing on air.

I saw his hands then—and from that moment I couldn't look at anything else All the little veins were springing out, so hard that I thought they'd burst through the skin The long bony fingers clenched and unclenched, the nails digging into the whitish palms It seemed as if those hands had started living on their own, quite separate from the dangling Nigger, and that at any moment they'd tear through the rope and wander off alone like five-fingered animals

The hands kept opening and closing long after the Nigger was dead. I'd had enough, didn't want to look any more, but I couldn't seem to turn my head away. The figure had stopped swinging, the legs hung down straight, but the wrists kept twisting and turning, the fingers clawing the empty air like black worms, trying to get a grip on someone or thing. Then, suddenly, they gave a slight shiver and stretched out — stiff.

Someone emptied a tin of petrol over the body and put a match to it. I just walked away. Near the edge of the crowd I came past another Nigger. He turned away when he saw me, but not before I'd noticed how hard he'd been staring at me. Wonder what he was thinking?

This morning I nearly killed myself while driving a fare in my taxi. The guy got in at the station and told me to drive down Richmond Avenue. He didn't know the number of the house he wanted, but he'd point it out to me as we went past.

I was driving down slowly till we got to 112 The guy put his hand on my shoulder and told me to pull up. I turned my head—and then I saw that the hand on my shoulder didn't belong to the man behind me. It was that hand—clenching and unclenching—grasping the air a few inches from my throat.

I don't know what happened then, I just remember hearing a crash and the noise of breaking glass. I woke up with my head down on the steering wheel, the car jammed against a housewall.

It's come into my house now — for a while I thought I was safe there. I woke up in bed around half past one. The room was dark and so quiet I could hear my heart beating —bang, bang, beng—as if it was going to split me wide open. And just in front of my eyes was something long and black and squirming, the fingers stretching out for my neck, coming closer—until I could have sworn I felt something cold and dead touching me, clamping on my neck

I screamed then. I reached for my bed lamp and pressed the switch. It was all gone, my room was just my room, same as it's always been. The landlady came in and wanted to know what the racket was. I told her I'd had a bad dream and she seemed satisfied with that. Only I know it was no dream . . .

I saw it again last night—the hand with the white rope marks. I was sitting in a chair by the window when it reached out at me, seemed to come from nowhere. I jumped up and hollered and the chair went over with a crash and then the room was full of people asking what the hell was the matter I told them about the hands, and they all nodded and said it must be the hot weather we're having. I don't mind them saying that; I just don't want to be left alone. . . .

They're coming at me now, from behind a window curtain. They're trying to sneak up on me, but I can see them, stretching out for my neck, those long black fingers reaching for my throat, slowly coming closer. Now I'm yelling to make them vanish—it always goes when I scream—I'm screaming—screaming . . .

Taxi Driver Murdered

Atlanta, Saturday.

George Leroy, 29, taxi driver, of Lawnville, Georgia, was found strangled in his room today. Police think that Leroy, well-known as a member of the Ku Klux Klan, was murdered to avenge the death of Samuel Ellis, victim of last week's lynching affray.

Police are searching for a tall, thin Negro of about 35, last seen at the spot of the lynching and believed to have been a close friend of the victim.

A MAN LIKE A BILLABONG

BIG GLAXO DID NOT FEAR THE MADDENED MOB, BUT WHEN THE FIRE BROKE OUT HE BECAME A QUAKING COWARD.

D'ARCY NILAND • FICTION

TAKE it or leave it, but it's true. I had with me at the time Big Glaxo Foster, and that word Glaxo says everything about him. You know that great barrel of lard named Swordfish McCann, the joker that ate with his knife, the one we met at Grampian Hills in '38? Well, think of his big moon face, his 19 stone and his fixed grin when you think of this Big Glaxo Foster, only add a few more particulars

Add a strength that gave Big Glaxo the power to hold two men three inches off the floor at the ends of his outstretched arms Add a shy, simple nature, and above all a placidity of temperament I've never seen anywhere else He moved slowly, ate slowly, talked slowly. Bill the Tortoise could have crossed the Continent in the time it took Big Glaxo to read a newspaper. He'd carry a rag around with him for a month, and at the end of that time he could give you a playback of everything he'd read.

Here was a man that went through life like a billabong. Nothing ever seemed to ruffle the surface of his mind. He never swore. Never got angry. He had no axe to grind He just existed, much the same way as a melon does And yet—and this is what I'm getting at—I saw Big Glaxo Foster change before my eyes I saw him become another being, and it was a horrible and frightening experience.

I'd knocked up a bit of a cheque at Taneatua, and was cutting through to the west coast when one Saturday afternoon, it was, I struck a bush pub

I didn't have to tell you it was the right answer to the dust in my throat. There was a lot of drunken sound inside, and outside, hitched to the rail, a few bony nags stood fly-

"WHY," said the Colonel, "once during the Zulu War I was surrounded by 500 natives. They clawed at my face pounded my knees and feet, pummelled my chest, beat me about the head and shoulders, and then, propping me against a tree, three of them ran their spears right through me. I was left for dead—and there I remained, gentlemen, against that tree for ten days." The listeners were properly awed. "Hell, sir," said one of them, "the pain must have been excruciating. Didn't the spears hurt you terrib'ly?" The colonel shrugged deprecatingly. "Only," he admitted, "when I laughed."

bitten in the sun. There were sulkies and hikes and a couple of buckboards. I knew before I pushed open the swing doors that I'd see a pub full of Maoris. They gave me the once-over with their bloodshot eyes, made a few cheeky jokes in their own lingo, and I wondered how soon it would be before they'd start pushing me around for the buckshee booze they wanted.

I had a beer. Then this Big Glaxo Foster trundled in, and asked for a bottle. He held it aloft and let the brew run down his throat. He didn't swallow. He looked an easy touch, a big fat man that used to be a big fat baby, and a great flat-nosed lump of a Maori lurched up and sprayed his face. "You shout the Maori a little drink, eh?"

Big Glaxo finished the bottle. He wiped his lips, held up a podgy finger and nodded to the barman. He took no notice of the truculent Maori; for all the serenity on his face the pub might have been empty and he'd just come into a punter's poultice.

The barman gave him the bottle, and the Maori, pulling his splayed lips back from black broken teeth, swore and made a snatch at it. Big Glaxo squeezed the Maori's shirt in one huge paw and held him off, while he tilted the bottle, calmly drinking as Flat-Nose swung his arms and struggled in the grip. Then Big Glaxo had to put the bottle on the counter, for three other Maoris crowded him, and he stood looking at them.

"You wanta fight, eh, you big porro!"

"Me," said Big Glaxo tranquilly. "I don't want no fight. All I want is to drink my beer."

One of the Maoris kicked him in the backside. Another gave him a backhander. Flat-Nose grabbed the bottle, and left nobody in any doubt that it was now his. Still this Big Glaxo Foster showed no fear or anger. He gripped Flat-Nose's arm, and with his other hand, the neck of the bottle and pulled it away easily.

Then the bar cleared as the four Maoris started swinging punches. Big Glaxo got his back against the wall and stood solid there, holding up his arms to ward off the blows. Fists glanced off his head and jaws. They thudded on his body, but there was no change in his peaceful expression.

There wasn't another white man there, and I was tossing up whether I'd cut in and give him a hand. But he didn't need it. He flexed his arms and drove them out in jolting movements like springs snapping. The punches were straight, accurate, powerful.

Three of the Maoris, heads knocked back, dropped and didn't move. The fourth, Flat-Nose, the one who'd started all the trouble, stumbled in and hugged the big man, trying to throw him to the floor.

At the same time, another friend of the boys rushed in with a bottle as soon as Big Glaxo's arms seemed to be pinned. I grabbed this mug's arm, whirled him around and nearly broke my hand on his chin.

"If it's all in, it's all in," Big Glaxo said. And with that he picked up his assailant, lifted him above his head and flung him across the counter. Bottles crashed and glass flew everywhere. Everything stopped still for a minute. The noise was gone. You could hear the starlings squabbling in the guttering.

I took one quick look around—the space where Big Glaxo stood, the still and solid congestion of men curved all the way around between the walls and the bar, the barman, his thin pasty face ridden with consternation and fear, looking from the man on the floor at his feet to the man who'd put him there. It was like a scene from a painting. Only it wasn't any scene. It was too alive. There was tension and menace in this atmosphere. Not a friendly glance met mine. Every face held animosity, resentment, hostility.

And the feeling was not only against Big Glaxo Foster. I shared it, and I knew the story was only just beginning.

I lifted my swag, touched Big Glaxo and said: "Come on, mate. Let's get out of here."

"Good of you to give us a hand," he said, nodding at the man I dropped. "But I'm sorry you got mixed up in it. It could bring trouble."

"If we don't get moving," I said to him as low-voiced as I could, "this is nothing to what's coming."

He didn't answer me. He walked over to the bar and said to the barman: "Where's the boss?"

"He ain't here. He's in Auckland."

"When'll he be back?"

"To-morrow we expect him."

"I got no money now. I just got enough to pay for a room here to-night. But I'll give you an IOU for any damage I caused. You tote it up and let me know. Don't whack them Maori's debt on to me. I won't pay that. But you'll get mine."

"You mean—you want a room here to-night?"

Big Glaxo nodded. "I'm going there right now. I gotta get some sleep. Where is it?"

The barman hesitated. Then he took a key off a rack and gave it to Big Glaxo, briefly indicating the direction. He picked up his swag and started off and I went after him. He was a fool. I had to try and drum it into him.

The room was in the second storey, off the balcony verandah, the usual cheap hotel room. There were two single beds. Big Glaxo Foster flopped on to one, rolled on his back and let out a great sigh of contentment.

"Listen," I said, "I haven't been in this country long, but I know Maoris and they're rats in the drink. You think those five mugs are going to let bygones be bygones?"

"I just come from Aussie on the last boat. What part are you from?"

"New South. I tell you, they'll be after your carcase, and if they can't line up another ten or twelve to help 'em I'm a bad guesser."

"I come from New South, too—Temora. Gord fancy that . . . she's a small world."

He yawned and turned on his side

"Don't mind me. I'm tired as hell Been walking since yesterday morning I'll be right when I get some sleep."

"But, listen—" The resolution in that huge prone figure told me words were useless. I walked out on to the balcony and looked down at the scene. There were the Maoris stretched out and surrounded by knots of their cobbers.

I went back into the room and sat on the spare bed. I could already feel the flutter in my guts. How easily a man can walk into trouble! I started to sense the fear. I didn't know what to do. If I stayed there and hoped for the best, it might blow over. If I walked out now, how far would I get before I copped it, boots and all?

Big Glaxo Foster was snoring. I kept smoking cigarettes, half expecting the heavy tread of boots on the stairs, the turn of the knob and the creak of the door as weight leaned against it. I hurried over and locked the door. Then I heard the gabble outside lift higher. I had another look from the balcony. The barman was telling everybody to get out. Time was up. I watched the spate of Maoris dawdling out. Then I heard the door slam and the grate of bolts.

The next minute there was a quick tattoo of feet on the stairs and a knock on the bedroom door. It was the barman, and he told me to open up. He panted into the room. He looked frightened and he talked quickly: "You got to get him up and out of here, quick!"

"They mean business, do they?"

"I'll say they do. They want me to tell him to go, put him out. If I don't—"

"They'll fit you, too, eh."

I looked at the barman close up. He was a squib, all squib. "I don't blame you for looking after your own skin, but if we go out of here they'll be on to us like a pack of mad dogs."

"I gotta think of the pub, and the boss is away."

"Damn the pub, and the boss, and you, too. I'm not dying for any one of you. We've got a chance if we stay here."

"No fear," he said vehemently. "Them Maoris will get more and more worked up, and they'll stop at nothing." He looked away, thinking. There was sweat on his forehead. "Listen, you can sneak out the back door [illegible] get away into the scrub. It'll be dark as pitch in another ten minutes."

"That sounds better—what about you?"

"I can tell 'em you're not here—you musta done a bunk."

I went straight over to the bed and shook Big Glaxo Foster. It was like trying to bring the dead to life. Still with his eyes closed, he sleepily asked what was wrong. I told him, and urged that we should take the barman's advice. No change of expression crossed the smooth moon face. He just turned over and with his eyes still closed, muttered, "All bluff. Don't worry about them." The words trailed off, and he was fast asleep again.

The barman and I looked at each other. I was furious. He was near to terror. "Where's the nearest town?" I asked him.

"Milton's the nearest of any size—40 miles."

"Get on that phone and get the police. Tell 'em to get here fast."

He ran out. I heard the banging on the door downstairs, and the Maori voices calling for the barman. Then a stone, followed by another, landed on the balcony. I went out there and looked over the rail. There must have been 40 or 50 Maoris there, yelling, gesticulating. They'd started a fire, and young bloods were dragging wood from the woodheap to feed it.

It wasn't a pretty sight: that drunken mob, inflamed with thoughts of revenge, bent on violence. The next second the barman was with me, and down below the yells went up anew. One potbellied Maori shrieked "You come down with your mate, or, by Hori, we come up and get you."

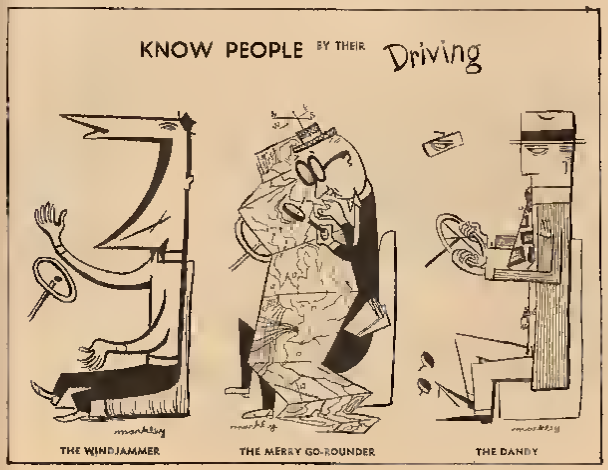
They started flinging stones, and we ducked back into the room. The windows shattered all along the balcony verandah. Then the stoning stopped. The barman stood shaking in dread. Big Glaxo Foster snored on. I hoped the cops from Milton were 20 miles nearer.

Then a great cry went up outside, like voices at a carnival. We smelt paint burning. Smoke rolled up and along the balcony. There was the crackle of flames growing louder. I dashed out on to the balcony. The Maoris hooted and yelled. They laughed and shouted. Their eyes glistened, and their teeth shone in the red flicker of flames that outlined them clearly.

"They've set fire to the pub!" yelled the barman. "What'd I tell you!"

He rushed downstairs, and was back in a few seconds, babbling about the fire raging down there. He crossed the balcony and leapt from the rail. I saw a bunch of Maoris surge in on him in a moving mass that broke open again and left him still and bloody and twisted on the ground.

This was rich. Bashed to death if you jumped, burned to cinders if you stayed.



A certificate of marriage

Has been, since time began

A licence giving woman

Permission to drive a man!

—EE-AR

The room was filling with choking smoke as I woke Big Glaxo Foster. While the sense was trickling back into his drowsy faculties, I was telling him we were trapped I was shaking his immense shoulders and firing the words like bullets, and then I stopped. I stopped, because—well, I told you how nothing ruffled this big man

It was different now That bland, round face froze in a mask of terror. The eyes stared and the mouth opened in a hideous grimace Big Glaxo Foster jumped off the bed. He ran on to the balcony, where the flames were licking up past the rail from below He surged back into the room, and down the stairs, and stumbled back again, his arms crossed over his face He grabbed me like a child and squealed hoarsely. "The fire! The fire!"

He stood alone in the room, shuddering in all his great bulk, crying in fear. He screamed. He blundered like a blind ape against the walls, towards the doors and back again. He was hysterical. I slapped his face and shook him and yelled over the roar of the flames and the crash of spuntering timber that it was better to risk the mercy of the Maori than accept the certainty of the fire. And I tried to push and lead him towards the balcony But he wouldn't budge. He kept wailing and screaming. Then all sound in him stopped. He sat on the bed, whimpering and laughing and gibbering. It unnerved me to see him.

"Give me your hand," I said, calmly as I could He put his hand in mine with the docility of an idiot I led him carefully on to the hot floor of the balcony, got him to the rail

"Now jump! That's a good feller!" I helped him on to the rail, pushed him and jumped after. The Maoris came in on us, but stopped abruptly, for Big Glaxo Foster was sitting on the ground, drooling, teetering back and forth, crooning in an imbecilic way. If there's anything that scares the green shirt off a Maori it's a madman, and I watched the horrified and fearful faces as they withdrew. I knelt on one knee beside Big Glaxo, safe in the sanctuary of his affliction

That's how we were when the police arrived

Well, the pub was burned down, but nobody was badly hurt. The barman had a few stitches in his head. A couple of days in hospital for shock treatment brought Big Glaxo back to normal, and I knocked about New Zealand for 12 months with him after that He was a good mate. It was some time before we touched on his behaviour at the pub Then he confessed to me, somewhat shamefaced'ly, that though he feared nothing else he had a phobia about fire. Had always had it.

"Can't you psychalagists think of anything else to talk about but sex?"

INVENTED By GIBSON

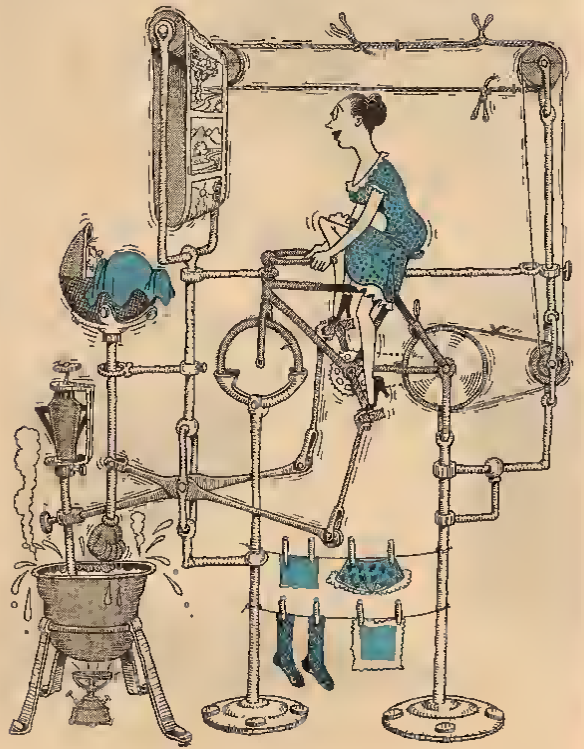
"BUILD IT YOURSELF"

Clothes washer . . . baby rocker . . . cocktail shaker . . . slimming machine . . . and clothes drier

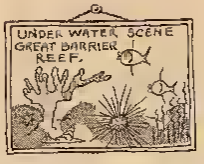
This handy appliance can be attached to any make of bike. Pedals work pistons that automatically pot stick and pound clothes into tatters equal to any modern washing machine

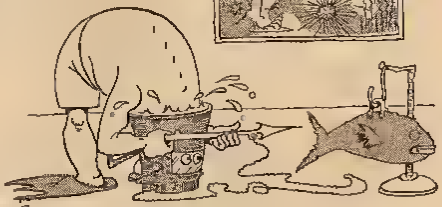
They also shake a mean cocktail and rock junior to sleep at one and the same time.

Back wheel turns roller with captivating views of countryside. This provides the little woman with a visual illusion of a refreshing day in the great out of doors as well as reducing her weight. The frame-work of this little gadget can be used as drier for the odd smalls that crop up in any wash.



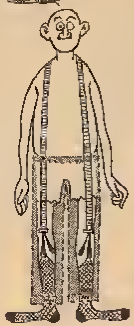
Spear fishermen who live far away from the sea need no longer suffer a life of useless frustration. With the aid of a bucket with viewing hole and suitable pictures and equipment all the thrills of under-water spear fishing can be indulged in no matter how far away from the seaside you may be. It would be a good idea if you first taught the wife a few elementary rules of resuscitation before embarking on this fascinating sport





This gadget makes the eating of grapefruit a real pleasure . . . you merely swing plastic disc over fruit whenever you dig with the spoon.

Disc takes full force of squirt of juice without obscuring the view of appetizing breakfast fodder



Two in-one method of holding up socks and back of pants with one pair of suspenders.

Fig. One buttons sewn to top of socks are then buttoned to suspender ends.

Fig. Two. Back end of suspenders attached to back end of pants

STRANGER and Stranger

SMALL TOWN . . .

Strange y, the United States, despite New York and Chicago, and the others, is still predominantly a small-town and rural community. Three-fifths of the American people live in places with less than 25,000 residents Less than one quarter of the population live in cities containing a quarter of a million or more people Twenty-five American states have no cities with populations as large as 250,000, and 13 of them have no cities above 100,000 New York State is most urbanised, with 59 per cent of its residents living in cities of 250,000 or over.

INCOME TAX HISTORY . . .

First imposed by William Pitt in 1799 to help meet increased expenditure caused by the Napoleonic Wars, income tax (at twopence in the pound) was allowed to be assessed by the taxpayers themselves. The financial result was negligible, and the tax was soon dropped. It was imposed again in 1803 with stringent safeguards to check the personal assessments. After victory at Waterloo, the "hated tax" was dropped "for ever" Parliament ordered that all official records relating to it be destroyed. In 1842 Sir Robert Peel introduced it again. For years it was never more than a few pence in the pound, but during the Boer War it rose to the unprecedented figure of 1/3 in the pound—and it has not stopped rising ever since.

PROFITABLE . . .

On September 8, 1934, the liner Morro Castle, which was burned out, drifted shorewards and settled on the beach at the New Jersey resort of Asbury Park A million people started to converge on the spot to look at the wreck A few Yankee entrepreneurs realised they were ripe for the spending of a great deal of money During the next three weeks, besides renting telescopes, boats and sight-seeing planes, the teeming crowds bought vast quantities of food and drink and countless mementoes and copies of ballads commemorating the disaster. The city of Asbury Park itself also made thousands of dollars by charging admission to its Convention Hall, which, being situated on a pier near the scene, provided a close view of the Morro Castle.

BIG BEN . . .

Everyone knows that Big Ben is the huge 13½-ton bell that strikes the hours in the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament in London. However, few can say how it got its name The fact is it was named after Sir Benjamin Hall, who was Commissioner of Works and the biggest M P. in the House when the bell was installed in 1859 When he asked in the House, "What shall we call our great bell?" one humourist shouted: "Why not call it Big Ben?" It has been its nickname ever since

"I think it's for you."

SARATOGA BELLES

Once a year, during the short racing season, the sleepy and beautiful town of Saratoga Springs, New York, really comes alive. Night clubs flourish and many Broadway lovelies, like these getting ready for their curtain call, appear in spectacular shows. Irrespective of your racing luck, they make the Saratoga season something to be remembered.

With performers like this pocket Venus, here making a quick change before she goes out and wows them in the aisles is it any wonder that the Saratoga night clubs are usually jammed to capacity as the turf enthusiasts relax. She's one of the reigning Broadway beauties, but when the racing season starts she deserts the Great White Way for Saratoga's Lake Shore Club.

The entertainment begins and statuesque showgirls strut their stuff Once the mecca for a roistering gambling set, Saratoga seems to have toned down in recent years. Whatever else has changed, however the quality of the girls has certainly not deteriorated Long legged lithe and lovely, the girls of show business seem to be the same the world over—gay, glamorous and, also, unattainable for ordinary guys like us.

pointers to BETTER HEALTH

ANGINA PECTORIS

This dangerous and painful heart ailment has shown remarkable response in the United States to treatment with the drug, pentrate, a nitrate long used in the manufacture of explosives Drs. Travis Winsor and Patrick Humphreys, of the University of Southern California, recently reported that no less than 75 4 per cent. of 125 patients with angina pectoris treated by them responded well to pentrate. The only side effects were nausea and mild headache, both responsive to aspirin.

TAPEWORMS

According to the Journal of the American Medical Association, atebrine, used extensively during the war years in anti-malaria treatment, has been discovered to be particularly efficacious in the treatment of tapeworms In a test with the drug tapeworms were disposed of in 10 out of 11 patients after one treatment, and in the 11th, when the dose was repeated. A dose of castor oil or Epsom salts before, and two hours after taking the drug completed the treatment satisfactorily.

FEELING FEVERISH?

If you are, don't rely completely on your thermometer and assume there is nothing wrong with you because you are showing a "normal" reading of 98.4. Modern medical research tends increasingly to doubt the value of the little red mark on the thermometer that was formerly accepted unquestioningly as a true guide to health or sickness Nowadays, it is realised that most peoples' normal temperatures are something below 98 4 degrees, and that when they reach that mark they are actually suffering from a slight fever The figure was accepted as the normal as far back as 1845, when the thermometer was a truncheon-like tube about a foot long, and took about 20 minutes to register a steady reading. It is now believed that the normal temperature varies from person to person between 95 and 99 2 degrees. Thus, while one person may be physically fit at 99 degrees, another at the same temperature may be running a four-degree fever.

PREVENTING CATARACTS

An American eye specialist, Dr D. T. Atkinson, recently announced that cataracts, which often come in old age, can be prevented. He believes they are formed because the lens of the eye is undernourished. To combat this, he advocates the consumption of 8-10 glasses of water a day, plenty of green vegetables, one pint of milk a day, two eggs and other foods rich in vitamins A and C On such a diet, Dr. Atkinson was able to prevent cataracts developing fully in 450 patients who had shown early signs of their growth.

The Apaches are the most merciless criminals in the world, and their women, depraved characters like the Cobra and Casque d'Or, are just as bad.

APACHE QUEENS

J. W. HEMING

WE hear a lot about American gangs and gangsters, as though this type of crime was solely an American invention, but we seldom hear about the big city gangs of France—the apaches. They came into being when the American cities were villages and are, and always have been, so vicious as to put the American gangs back into the infant class.

In America the gangs usually confine their murderous activities to their own kind—rivals, informers, and the like—but Monsieur l'Apache will murder any innocent passer-by on the chance he might have a few francs in his pocket.

The apache still thrives in spite of intensive police activity against him—and the police of France are not quite so amenable to graft as the Kefauver Report would indicate is the case in America.

There are two sections of Paris where it is not safe for a tourist to wander either by night or day. They are Belleville and Menilmontant.

True, tourist guides sometimes take large parties into certain cafes where pseudo apaches "put on a show." But this is usually in the daytime.

The real apache, who does not dress anything like the stage apache, usually keeps out of sight by day, unless there is "work" to be done. After dark he ventures out of his squalid den to congregate with his fellows in the many low dives which cater for his kind.

But let us, in fancy, for it is safer that way, pick up a pretty and rather colorfully dressed gigolette. She takes us from the square on the outskirts of Belleville and down the Rue de Lappe. We ask her to have a cafe-creme, or a cognac fin, and she takes us into a dive.

Our friend points across the smoke-filled, odorous room. "See that large woman over there—the big blonde? I remember when she fought a duel with knives with a petite little brunette. They were rivals for the attentions of Jules Dreher. You may remember him. He was guillotined for the murder of a bank cashier in the Place de Madelaine."

"The women fought in a cellar and there was a big crowd. All they both wore were short skirts and they carried the usual apache knives — long-handled and short-bladed. It was a grand fight, but the brunette was the quicker and more skilful and she disarmed the big blonde by slashing her right arm deeply. Then the friends of both rivals fought."

She smiles reminiscently and we find difficulty in swallowing our drink.

"You see that Spanish-looking girl She is known to the apaches as La Petite Oiseau Blanche — the Little White Bird. She has lightened the pockets of many young men who wanted to see life. Some saw death. See Madame of the Black Hat handing out cigarettes over there. Those cigarettes contain cocaine, for that is her business. And there—the little lady in red—is La Rose de Belleville, one of the most dangerous decoys of the boulevards."

We look round the faces, some demure and shy, some pretty, some plain, some ugly and ferocious.

"Are they never arrested?" we ask.

Our gigolette laughs. "Paris is full of wicked women. We first produced the vitriol thrower. Our murderesses are some of the most callous in the world, and they will steal sums so small they could easily honestly earn twice the amount with half the effort. Most apaches are known by nicknames. The women are not often arrested because they prey mostly on male visitors, who would rather say nothing to the police than have the fact brought to light, perhaps before their wives, that they had been with such a woman."

Some of the apache woman—the top-liners—are very clever. For many years in the 1930's the Parisian underworld was dominated by a woman known as "The Cobra." There was no beauty about her. She was old, ugly and white-haired, but she had a vast experience, for she had been a criminal since her teens.

She had got too old to engage actively in crime, but she planned many coups for the gangs to carry out. Occasionally she served a sentence in gaol. She got five years for the theft of a very valuable diamond necklace in a manner which baffled the police for a long time.

The necklace had been placed in a small jewel case and left on the dressing-table in one of the bedrooms of a large and fashionable hotel. Windows and doors were locked, so it would seem the gems were safe enough—but not from The Cobra. One of her gang was working in with one of the servants in the hotel. He informed the

Queen of Crime exactly where the necklace was. And gave her other details, such as there being a ventilator just over the dressing-table. The ventilator gave on to the roof.

The Cobra got on the roof and lowered a powerful magnet through the ventilator shaft—the ventilator plate had been removed. The magnet gripped the steel lock of the jewel case and it was drawn up the ventilator shaft. The Cobra opened the case, extracted the necklace, threw the jewel case back on the dressing-table and replaced the ventilator plate. No wonder the police were puzzled. She was caught later through the kind offices of an informer.

Apache women are often gang-leaders, because the French criminal has a superstition that a female leader means luck and success. There was one remarkable woman who reigned as indisputable queen of the apaches in 1908. She was known as "Casque d'Or," because of her beautiful red-gold hair.

Casque d'Or reigned like a queen. She held "Court," at which the leaders of the various apache gangs attended and rendered an account of their doings—and also paid her a percentage of their take. This was not because they liked the colour of her hair. It was "insurance." For Casque d'Or ran an insurance company for criminals.

For the fee they had paid she would hide them when the open air got too hot, or she would pay for their defence if they were arrested. And, if the defence failed and they went into retirement in a prison, Casque d'Or saw that their girls were allowed a sum sufficient to keep them in the style to which they had been accustomed.

Then a young detective named Lepoutre presented a plan to the Paris Surete. It was a desperate plan, which might end in promotion but would more likely end in death. It ended in promotion, for he later became Chief Inspector of the Marseilles Surete.

He actually became an apache. He joined a gang and helped with several crimes. He at last got an introduction to the Head of Gold, and he pitched hard. She was interested. A woman of vitality, she liked her life to be full and interesting, and soon he was her lover.

She told him all her secrets—not about her love affairs, but regarding her business, and he was more interested in those. He soon had enough concrete evidence to get her into prison, but he would have to get her into the dock first, and that wasn't going to be easy.

Casque d'Or was no fool. She lived in the heart of the underworld in Belleville, and she was strongly entrenched and guarded. Even a police raid would have been difficult to effect her arrest, because she would have been well warned long before the police could reach her. Not only that, but, with the egotism of youth, Lepoutre wanted to carry out that arrest alone.

So he had to do some fine work. She never went out of her kingdom of Belleville. Lepoutre began by telling her she should see more of the beauties of Paris. It was spring and the crocuses were in bloom; a drive in the moonlight along the Bois would be romantic; they would be ecstatic lovers.

At last, her eyes dancing, her jewelled fingers clasped in the hand of her young lover, she assented. Lepoutre went out and got a taxi—a taxi which had been waiting for some time in readiness. The young detective placed his "loved one" in the car and clumbed in beside her.

It sped down from the heights of Belleville towards the Bois de Boulogne.

Ah, romance! Spring! Lepoutre put his arm round the Casque d'Or, and she snuggled close. The arm round her caressed her wrist. Suddenly his other hand came over and a handcuff snapped over that wrist. Romance was shattered on the instant.

She fought like a wild she-cat. Lepoutre got the other cuff on. She yelled to the taxi-driver, but he took no notice, for he was very busy packing on all speed for the back entrance to the Surete. Lepoutre was very glad when they reached there. He blew his whistle and soon the human tigress was in the hands of many men.

Lepoutre's exultant happiness was not shared by his ex-mistress. She was charged with being a receiver and with being concerned in many other crimes. The judge handed her ten years as a lesson not to mix pleasure with business.

The apache underworld of Belleville was enraged at the loss of its insurance company. The gangs made plans to free their queen and kill Lepoutre.

To prevent such events, a strong and vigilant guard was constantly placed over the Casque d'Or, while Lepoutre was transferred to Marseilles and promoted to Inspector. As the apache, both male and female, is one of the few criminal types who seldom wanders, but stays put in the one district from birth to death, such a change was a protection for the young detective.

Casque d'Or never returned to her throne. Neither did she serve all her sentence. The atmosphere of prison was not congenial to her health, and she died within the grey walls.

But before she died a famous artist wished to paint her portrait, for she was a beautiful woman as well as a clever and infamous one. He received permission from the authorities and his request was graciously received by the Queen of the Apaches. She was nothing if not conceited, and she loved sitting for her portrait. It is a big canvas and now hangs in the Paris Prefecture of Police.

Pauline Bonaparte's passionate caprices and infidelity made her the bane of brother Napoleon.

D. K. LANE

the Courtesan Princess

THE young widow, her eyes tear-filled, approached the coffin in which her dead husband awaited burial. In her hands, she carried two long, shining braids of the hair that had crowned her beauty.

"Bury it with him," she whispered.

Thus, Paulina Leclerc, born Bonaparte, paid her last tribute to the man whom she had accompanied to Haiti in his expedition to put down a rising inspired by the rebel, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

At Haiti, General Leclerc and his wife had become victims of yellow fever; and the young wife had brought his body back to Franca for burial.

Napoleon knew his sister. It has been said of Pauline that she had the manners of a kitten and the morals of a cat.

She had not wanted to go to Haiti in the first place. She had, in fact, been carried, on Napoleon's orders, on board the ship, the while screeching threats to the grenadiers who bore her.

But with the decision to go with her husband forced on her, she had contrived to make the temporary exile less boring by ensuring that a former lover was included in the expedition.

Yet, of all Napoleon's four brothers and three sisters, Pauline was the only one who repaid his loyalty with loyalty—one redeeming feature in a life that was devoted completely to self-pleasure and indulgence. Beautiful, vivacious and empty-headed, she nevertheless was the only relative to visit Napoleon at Elba. On his escape, she presented him with her fabulous diamonds, so that he could continue his war against England.

When Pauline Bonaparte came to Marseilles from Corsica, she was thirteen years of age, but already mature enough to receive male attention. She was still little more than a child when she met and loved Freron, a Commissioner of the Convention. To Freron she wrote: "I love you always and most passionately. I love you for ever, my beautiful idol, my heart . . . and I swear never to love anyone else."

A few months later, she was writing as passionately to Marshal Junot and others.

As Napoleon progressed to fame, Pauline and her sisters developed their love of frivolity. A man who later became one of her brother's generals has told how, with the girls, he and a friend formed an amateur theatrical group.

"They used literally to dress us," he wrote. "We used to stay in the girls' room all the time when they were dressing."

The atmosphere in which Pauline was growing to adulthood obviously worried the Emperor. When he suggested to General Marmont that the latter might marry his sister, the General rejected the proposal as tactfully as possible.

"I know she is charming and exquisitely beautiful," he said. "Yet I have dreams of domestic happiness, of fidelity and of virtue. Such dreams, I know, are seldom realised, but . . ." and Marmont's voice died away in an embarrassed silence.

Thus, at seventeen, Pauline had gained a reputation that made high-minded men wary of her. Finally, Napoleon married her off to Leclerc, and Leclerc carried her off to Haiti.

Her stay was more agreeable than she had anticipated, for she was required now to make no token concessions to conventions. When she returned to France, not even the man who cowed Europe could restrain her. Even while wearing mourning, her salon was the rendezvous of the ambitious and the amorous.

Napoleon, shocked, looked around for another husband. He found one in Camillo Borghese, an Italian prince who had already been well favored by Pauline. Immensely rich, the prince was opportunist enough to realise that marriage to a Bonaparte could have certain advantages; and Pauline in turn possessed a due reverence for the advantages of wealth. As a crowned courtesan, she saw limitless possibilities for amorous adventure.

Intensely jealous of her sister-in-law, Josephine, she looked at the fabulous Borghese gems and saw an opportunity to out-shine Napoleon's Empress splendour. So, when she was summoned to visit at court, she donned the gems against a background of a green velvet frock. Then, a mobile, jewel-casket, she went to the Palace.

Josephine, forewarned, had had her drawing room re-decorated in a blue that clashed viciously with Pauline's frock. She herself wore no jewellery. By contrast, Pauline appeared merely vulgar.

Pauline neither forgot about the incident nor forgave Josephine. When Napoleon divorced his Empress, Pauline made no secret of her joy; yet she treated Josephine's successor, Marie Louise with no greater respect.

Her husband grew less forbearing with the years — and Pauline gave him reason to be critical. She maintained a constant string of lovers and carried out her indiscretions quite openly.

She posed nude to the hips for a famous statue by Canova, and the great sculptor is reported to have said that, with such a model, statues could be made by journeymen.

She startled Paris by choosing a huge negro to bathe her every morning—and when a friend suggested the unwisdom of it, compelled the negro to marry someone immediately, so that he might carry out his duties with propriety.

Her bathing complete, a naked page boy, painted gold, sprayed her with scent as she sat in front of her mirror completing her toilette and holding court. She surrounded herself with giant Negro servants and dwarfs to provide contrast.

Pauline's beauty at thirty was unfaded. As one contemporary writer said: "She was a woman to the tips of her rosy fingernails . . . of medium height, with a wonderful roseate complexion, brilliant eyes, dark hair, a Grecian profile, and such a perfectly formed, body that she was the perfect choice for Canova's famous statue of Venus."

When her husband let her, she was able to abandon herself completely. Yet, in spite of her amoral instincts, her sternest critics conceded that no one in France gave Napoleon greater loyalty than Pauline.

He made one brother, Joseph, king of Spain and Joseph turned against him; he made another, Jerome, king of Westphalia and Jerome discredited his name; he placed a third brother, Louis, upon the throne of Holland and the latter intrigued against France, while the fourth brother, Lucian, married a woman of doubtful virtue and fled to the protection of Napoleon's greatest enemies, the English.

The Emperor made his sister Elisa a princess in her own right and gave her the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. Caroline, another sister, became Queen of Naples. And both betrayed him when his need was greatest.

Pauline, however, recognised her debt to her brother and repaid it with gratitude. Of them all, he was fondest of this woman who was such a perfect physical beauty.

When he was exiled at Elba, Marie Louise returned to Vienna to be comforted by the Count von Neipperg, his brothers covertly continued to betray him; but Pauline went to Elba

To assist his campaign of 1815, she gave him the greater part of her fortune, including the Borghese diamonds, which he was carrying when he was recaptured.

When he was imprisoned at St Helena, she would probably have gone with him but for the fact that she was ill. But she did try to sell her remaining jewels in order to help

Pauline did not long survive her famous brother. At 44, she knew she was dying and sent for Prince Borghese to effect a reconciliation. Then, she asked her maid for a mirror, into which she gazed with eyes so close to long sleep, yet nonetheless critical When she put down the mirror, there was no fear in them.

"I am not afraid to die," she said. "For I am still beautiful."

It was a brave challenge to her newest adventure—death. And she died the same night.

"I used to go out with her down below . . . she was good, but not THAT good!"

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A

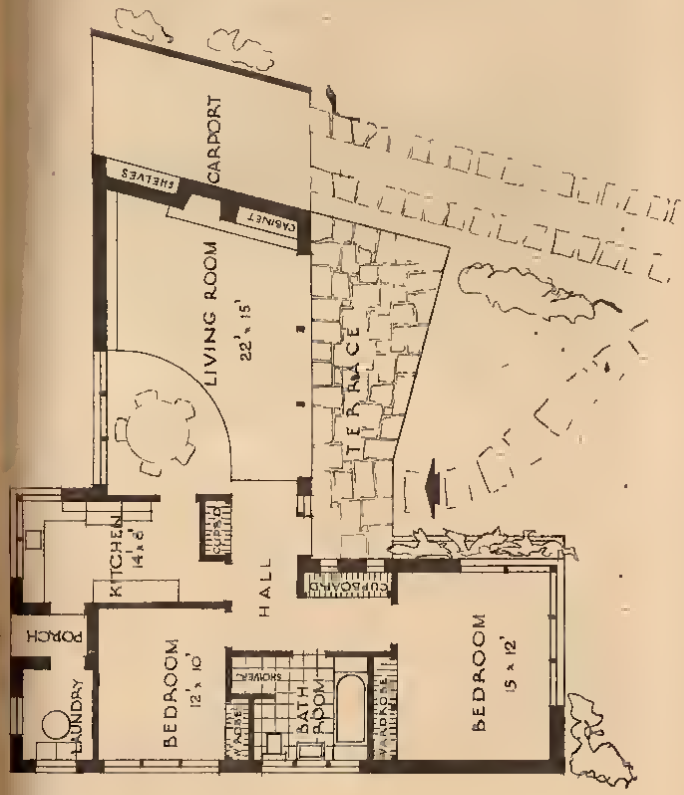
planned in TWO SECTIONS

CAVALCADE offers a further suggestion for a two bedroom house as statistics show that more homes of this size are erected than any other.

The basis of the plan is two wings, which effectively separate the daytime or living quarters from the sleeping section of the house. The large living room includes a section for dining, which is raised one step above the general floor level. Full length plate glass windows open from the living room on to a stoned paved terrace, whilst the dining section has large windows overlooking the rear garden.

The bathroom is placed in a convenient position between the two bedrooms, each of which has its own built-in wardrobe. The kitchen is completely equipped in the modern manner, and a feature of the plan is the roomy linen and coat cupboards which open from the entrance hall.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 66 feet, and the overall area, including the carpet, is 1430 square feet.



TOM THUMB DICTATOR

Dollfuss, Dictator of Austria, butchered 2000 of his countrymen. But he, in turn, was assassinated by a bigger dictator.

J. GODWIN

FROM the soles of his jackboots to the top of his steel helmet, Engelbert Dollfuss measured four feet eight inches. His friends called him the Little Giant, his enemies the "Tom Thumb Dictator."

He had plenty of both. Few men have ever inspired as much fanatical adoration and bitter hatred as this tiny, misshapen, illegitimate peasant's son with the sparkling button-eyes, brassy voice and incredibly strong muscles.

Dollfuss was probably the only statesman who rose to power not in spite of his ridiculous figure—but because of it. It was the butt of thousands of jokes, and, together with his whimsical charm, enabled him to win premature fame in the popular press for which a politician of normal build would have had to wait three times as long.

In a brief, violent career of 42 years, the poverty-stricken Austrian village boy became Europe's pocket "Fuehrer," coldly butchered some 2,000 of his countrymen, braved the overwhelmingly superior war machine of Hitler Germany and finally gasped his last breath with two assassin's bullets in his throat.

Nobody would have prophesied a brilliant future for little Engelbert when he was born in the Lower Austrian village of Texing in 1892. As "love child" of a semi-illiterate peasant, Dollfuss' chances in the rich, pious and conservative Austrian Empire were strictly limited.

But the bow-legged, diminutive farm boy with the over-sized head was a dynamo of energy. While still in his 'teens, he gate-crashed local politics by joining the so-called Christian Socialist Party.

Young Dollfuss threw himself heart and soul into the cause. He soon became the star organiser of his district. Engelbert seemed to have reached the peak of his life when the party paid for his studies, first at the Vienna then at Berlin universities. He returned bearing the proud title of Dr. Dollfuss.

The outbreak of World War I interrupted his political career. Dollfuss was below regulation height, but he managed to wangle himself into the crack Kaiserjaeger Regiment. He was a lieutenant when he returned to his defeated, hunger-ridden homeland.

The mighty Austrian Empire was no more. The peace treaty had changed the prosperous monarchy of 52 million people into a tiny, impoverished, utterly bankrupt republic of less than seven million.

The Kaiser had fled into exile, aristocrats and courtiers were selling their family heirlooms for the price of a meal. Thousands of war-cripples begging for alms at every street corner turned once-gay Vienna into a nightmare city.

The little ex-lieutenant obtained a position as secretary in the Lower Austrian Chamber of Agriculture. Within a short time he was appointed director.

Dollfuss' reputation within his party rose sky-high after he took over the management of the nearly defunct State Railways and completely overhauled the transport service.

In January, 1932, he entered cabinet as Minister for Agriculture. Three months later, the eternally deadlocked Parliament forced the current Chancellor (Prime Minister) to resign and Dollfuss took his place.

By now the Austrian Republic resembled a powder keg with the fuse burning. Since 1930, the political parties had built up well-disciplined and uniformed private armies. Against the Catholic Heimwehr ("Home Defence"), stood the Socialist Schutzbund ("Protection Corps") recruited from among the more militant trade unionists.

Of late a third force had entered the arena—Hitler's brown-shirted Storm Troopers.

The elections of April, 1932, brought the usual stalemate. The Christian Socialists squeezed in with a tiny majority, but the industrial workers of Vienna voted solidly Social Democrat.

Dollfuss found himself ruling the country from a capital that loathed him, run by a "Red" city council that had only the welfare of the working classes at heart.

Hitler's rise to power in 1933 found Dollfuss in a desperate position. He knew that the ex-house painter was planning the conquest of his country. Without outside help tiny Austria was lost. Dollfuss turned to the one man he thought could offer protection: Benito Mussolini.

In a secret conference with Dollfuss, Mussolini stated his terms; abolition of Austrian democracy, the smashing of the Socialists and the reorganisation of Austria as a Fascist dictatorship on the Italian pattern. Dollfuss agreed.

A GIRL just starting work as a journalist was getting a lecture from her editor because of certain inaccuracies which had appeared in a news story she had written. "Remember," he said, "it was Joseph Pulitzer who declared that accuracy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a woman." The girl replied: "That in itself is not entirely accurate. A newspaper can always print a retraction."

On March 15, 1933, the last session of the Vienna Parliament was interrupted by 500 secret policemen. Deputies were hustled out into the street, where they faced rows of barbed wire entanglements guarded by heavily armed, steel helmeted troops.

For six months the country existed without a definite form of government. Then, on September 11, Dollfuss staged a gigantic rally of his supporters on the Vienna trotting racecourse. Amidst the thundering cheers of 1000,000 green-shirted party members, the little Chancellor mounted the platform. He shrieked with all his might: "Our Capitalist-Liberal economy has gone. I hereby announce the death of Parliament!"

The following day the Chancellor personally took over the ministries of War, Police and Gendarmerie, Foreign Affairs and Agriculture. Europe's "pocket Fuehrer" was born.

On February 12, 1934, the Austrian Socialists announced a general strike. Dollfuss countered by proclaiming martial law. Simultaneously, 16,000 Heimwehr men, backed by strong detachments of army and police, went into action against the Schutzbund.

During their time in power, the Socialists had built a string of huge, ultra-modern tenement blocks in Vienna's industrial suburbs, providing high-standard cheap living quarters for working class families.

Heimwehr troops tried to storm these tenements in mass assaults, but were driven back by heavy rifle fire from the roofs.

Early next morning the army brought heavy howitzers, field guns and trench mortars into position. At point blank range the shells crashed into the honeycombed apartment blocks, sending up fountains of dust, rubble and human limbs.

In every large Austrian city—Vienna, Graz, Linz and Innsbruck, the workers fought desperately.

But their rifles and home-made hand grenades were useless against the artillery, machine guns and armoured cars of the regular army. On February 16 the last of the battered tenements surrendered. Amidst the devastation lay the bodies of some 2,000 men, women and children.

The Austrian Nazis had stood by passively while Dollfuss smashed the Socialists. Now Hitler feared that protected by Mussolini, Austria would be able to maintain her independence. He gave the signal for revolt.

On the morning of July 25, heavily armed squads of Storm Troopers occupied the Vienna radio station. With a gun in his back, the announcer was forced to broadcast a false message that the government had resigned.

At the same time, the Chancellary Palace received a telephone warning that the Nazis were planning an attack on Dollfuss. But Hitler's Fifth Column was working even there. The warning was never passed on; the iron gates remained open.

At 12.50 p.m., four motor lorries, filled with 144 Storm Troopers dressed in regular army uniforms, roared through the entrance.

The palace guards, whose rifles were not even loaded, were overpowered within a minute. Dollfuss in his office heard the thundering jackboots outside and rushed to a secret door behind a screen. At that moment a squad of rebels, headed by an ex-army sergeant named Planetta, burst into the room.

Dollfuss raised his arm, and Planetta, without a word, fired two shots into his body. The little Chancellor collapsed on the carpet.

In the meantime the rebels in the radio station had surrendered after police reinforcements raked the place with bullets. The Chancellery Palace was completely surrounded by troops, who were afraid to storm the building as long as Dollfuss was thought to be alive.

Negotiations dragged on until evening, then the Nazis came out with their hands up. Their rebellion had failed.

The assassin Planetta and six other Storm Troop leaders were sentenced to death and hanged on July 30.

Four years later, when Mussolini's opinions had changed, Hitler's field-grey hordes occupied Austria without firing a shot. Their first act was to eulogise publicly the murderer of the little Chancellor who had sown the wind and reaped the hurricane.

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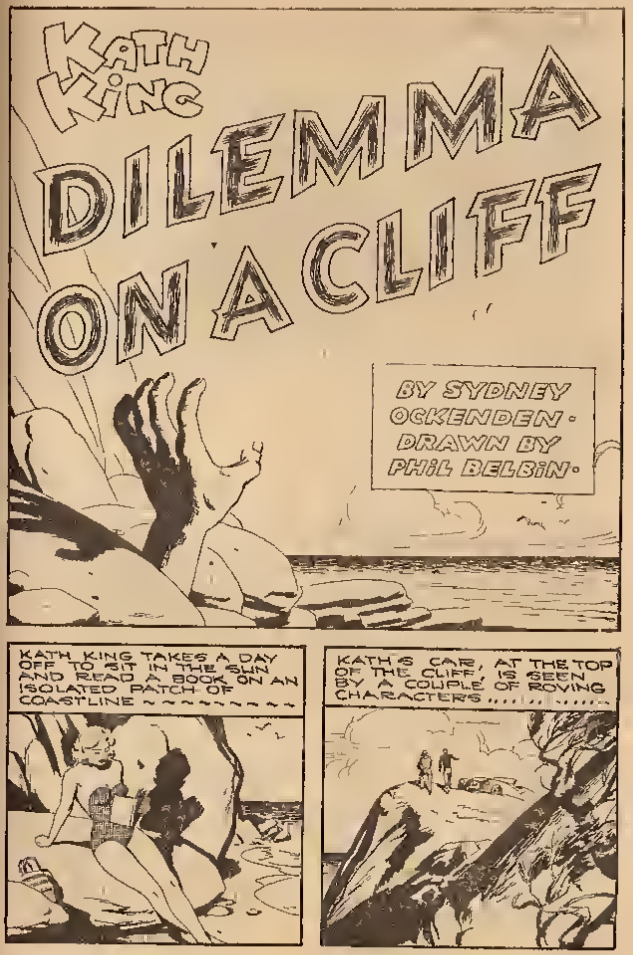
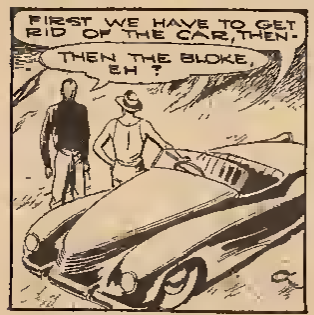
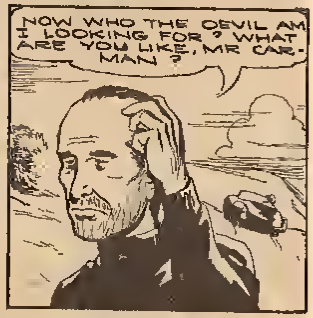


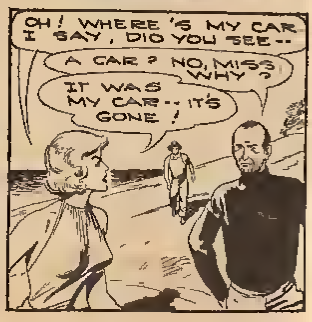
LED SENKEN AND JOS MULLANE TAKE MORE THAN A PASSING INTEREST IN THE CAR .....
SOMEONE MUST BE ABOUT -- THAT'S AWKWARD.

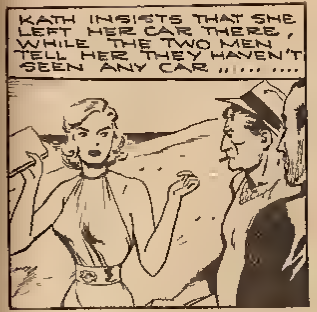
WE OUGHT TO SIGNAL THE 'SOPHIE' NOT TO COME IN
AND HAVE ANYBODY READ THE SIGNAL ?


FIRST WE HAVE TO GET RID OF THE CAR, THEN-
THEN THE BLOKE, EH ?


NOW WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU LIKE, MR CAR. MAN ?
I'M LOOKING FOR WHAT ?

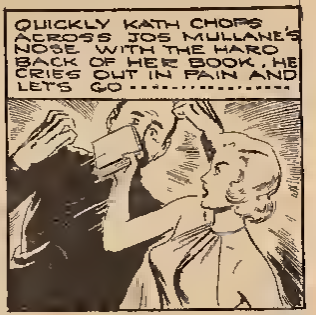
A SEARCH AROUND THE LOCALITY FAILS TO SHOW THE OWNER OF THE CAR, BUT SUDDENLY .....


OH ! WHERE'S MY CAR SAY, DID YOU SEE --
A CAR ? NO, MISS WHY ?
IT WAS MY CAR -- IT'S GONE !


KATH INSISTS THAT SHE LEFT HER CAR THERE, WHILE THE TWO MEN TELL HER THEY HAVEN'T SEEN ANY CAR .....

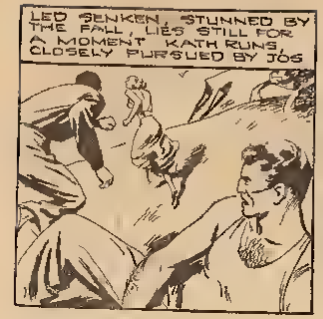
I KNOW A PHONE HALF A MILE DOWN THE ROAD.

RING THE POLICE ? NO YOU DON'T --


QUICKLY KATH CHOPS ACROSS JOS MULLANE'S NOSE WITH THE HARD BACK OF HER BOOK. HE CRIES OUT IN PAIN AND LETS GO .....

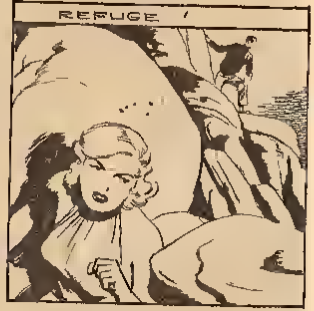
BUT KATH FINDS LED SENKEN BLOCKING HER PATH SHE ACTS--

-- AND CATCHES LED OFF BALANCE .....

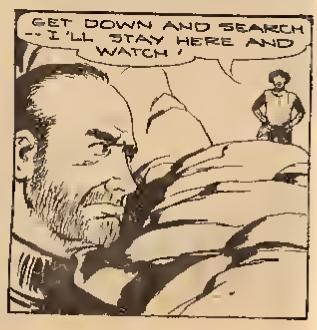

LED BENKEN, STUNNED BY THE FALL, LIES STILL FOR A MOMENT. KATH RUNS, CLOSELY PURSUED BY JOS

--HE'LL CATCH ME--UNLESS..

KATH REALISES SHE CAN'T KEEP HER ADVANTAGE, AND MAKES A BREAK FOR A STEEP CLIFF PATH, LEADING DOWN. SHE HAS BEEN DOWN HERE, KNOWS SHE MAY FIND A HIDING PLACE

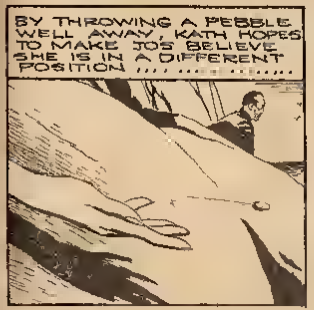

REFUGE!

DOWN AFTER HER, BOY SHE'S DOWN THERE!
HIDDEN - WE GET BELOW HER, SHE TUMBLES ROCKS DOWN!

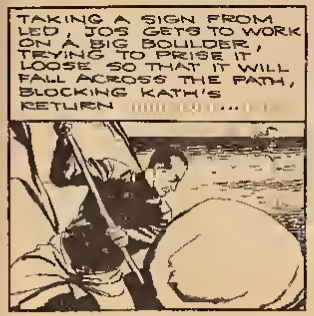

GET DOWN AND SEARCH -- I'LL STAY HERE AND WATCH!

SO JOS, FEARFUL OF FALLING ROCKS, BEGINS HIS DANGEROUS SEARCH FOR KATH.....

WHERE'S YOUR TOUGH FRIEND, I WONDER? AND WILL YOU FALL FOR THIS?


BY THROWING A PEBBLE WELL AWAY, KATH HOPES TO MAKE JOS BELIEVE SHE IS IN A DIFFERENT POSITION.....

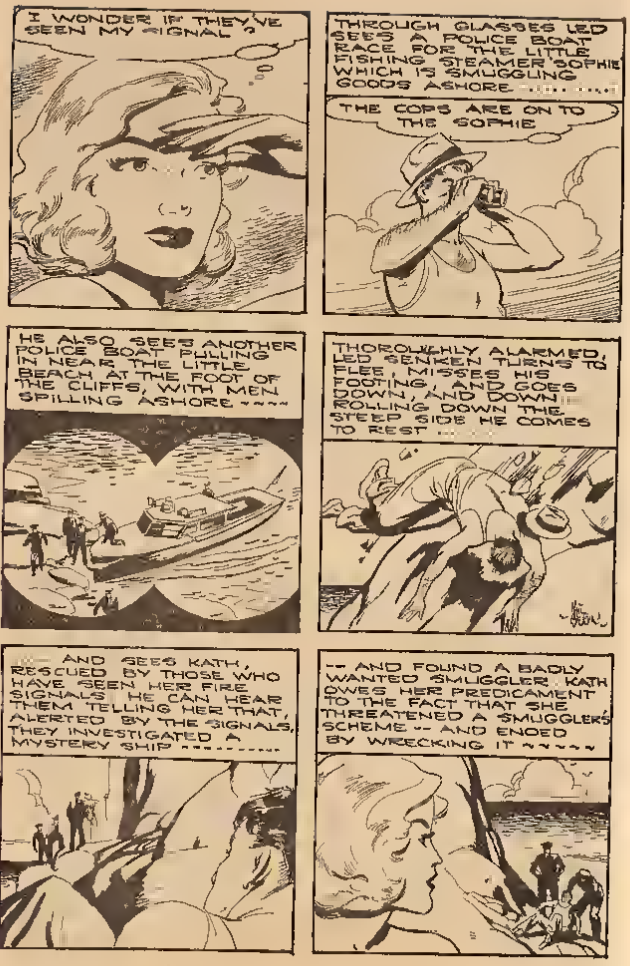
.... AND JOS FALLS FOR KATH'S TRICKERY.....


TAKING A SIGN FROM LED, JOS GETS TO WORK ON A BIG BOULDER, TRYING TO PRISE IT LOOSE SO THAT IT WILL FALL ACROSS THE PATH, BLOCKING KATH'S RETURN

KATH, HIDING IN A POCKET BETWEEN TWO BIG BOULDERS HEARS A NOISE AND PEEPS OUT.....

::: JOS HAS STARTED SOMETHING HE CAN'T STOP. THE LOOSENED BOULDER BEGINS A LANDSLIDE .....
:: AND TRYING TO DODGE CLEAR OF THE FALLING ROCKS HE LOSES HIS BALANCE AND IS SWEPT AWAY ....
HORRIFIED BY THE FATE THAT HAS OVERTAKEN JOS, KATH TAKES STOCK OF HER OWN POSITION
KATH, APPARENTLY A PRISONER IN THE CAVERN FORMED BY THE FALLING ROCKS, HAS HAD A NARROW ESCAPE. SHE EXPLORES FOR A WAY OUT
THIS SEEMS TO LEAD SOMEWHERE
KATH COMES OUT OF HER PRISON -- ONLY TO FIND A SHEER DROP OF PERHAPS 500 FEET TO THE ROCKS AND SEA BELOW

FROM HER PERILOUS LOOK-OUT KATH SEES TINY FISHING BOATS ROCKING ON THE BOSOM OF THE OCEAN BUT THEY CAN'T SEE HER
HOW CAN I SIGNAL THEM--
THINKING SHE MIGHT MAKE A SIGNAL FLARE BY TEARING UP HER BOOK, KATH GETS TO WORK WITH A CIGARETTE LIGHTER ...
KATH, HAVING BURNT THE BOOK, SETS HER SKIRT ALIGHT - AND THOUGH IT DOES NOT BURN WELL IT SENDS A CLOUD OF SMOKE INTO THE AIR WHICH MAY ATTRACT ATTENTION .....
HEARTENED TO SEE A SMALL STEAMER COMING NEARER, KATH PERSISTS WITH HER SIGNALS .....
AS KATH'S BLOUSE GOES UP IN FLAMES IT APPEARS TO BE ABOUT THE LAST GARMENT SHE CAN AFFORD TO BURN .....



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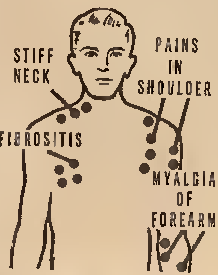

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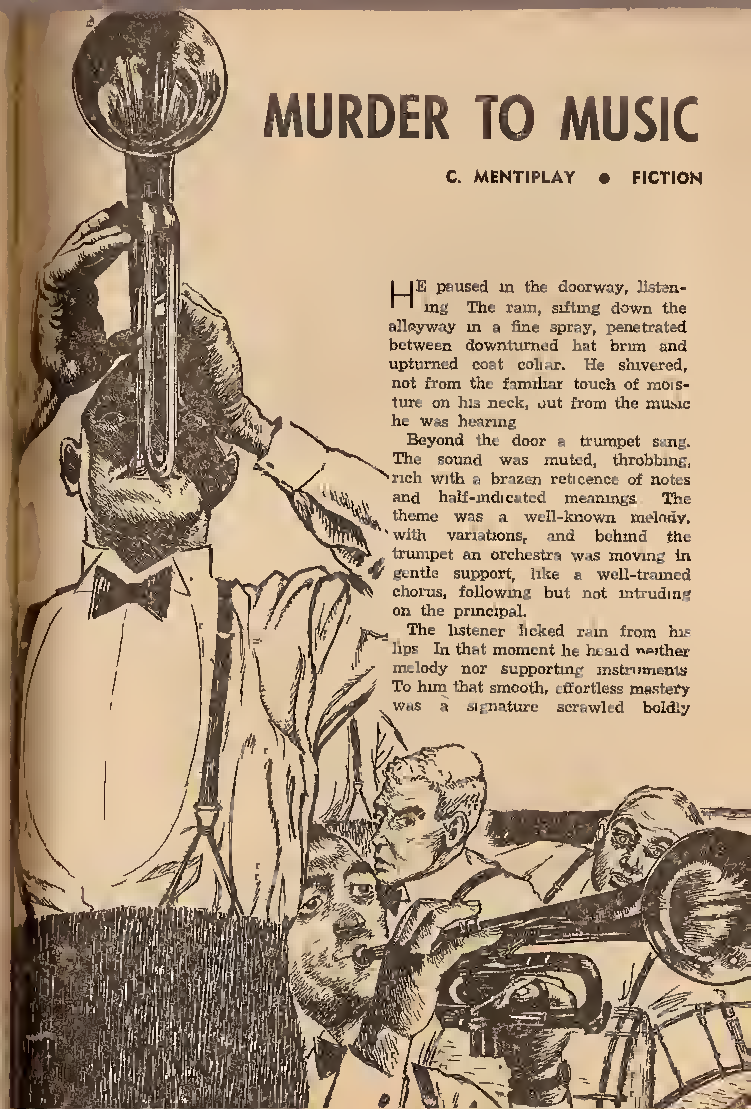
MG3A 52

MURDER TO MUSIC

C. MENTIPLAY • FICTION



HE paused in the doorway, listening. The rain, sifting down the alleyway in a fine spray, penetrated between downturned hat brim and upturned coat collar. He shivered, not from the familiar touch of moisture on his neck, but from the music he was hearing.

Beyond the door a trumpet sang. The sound was muted, throbbing, rich with a brazen reticence of notes and half-indicated meanings. The theme was a well-known melody, with variations, and behind the trumpet an orchestra was moving in gentle support, like a well-trained chorus, following but not intruding on the principal.

The listener licked rain from his lips. In that moment he heard neither melody nor supporting instruments. To him that smooth, effortless mastery was a signature scrawled boldly

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across the dripping dusk—the handwriting of a man he had to see. He shifted the two instrument cases under his overcoat and opened the door.

In the thin afternoon light the Marimba Club was cheap and dingy and somehow naked—a queen of the night with her make-up off and her stockings sagging. Cleaners moved in the shadows, sweeping away the debris in heaps of moist sawdust, mopping at tables and straightening chairs.

Only inside the pink curving shell of the orchestra platform were the lights at full brilliance—but they shone on shirt-sleeved players, scattered instruments, and music stands bare of their plush-and-gold trappings.

"Hell! We've got to do better'n that!" Big Al Monson moaned. "Look, Curly—that's no licorice stick—that's really a clarinet. I know it's not your poison, but for the luvva Pete give it a go, man. We've gotta have—"

"You can use a clarinet?"

The voice came from the near-darkness. Big Al wheeled, his gilded baton poised in mid-gesture, peering like a short-sighted vulture.

"We can use a player. But—news sure travels fast around here. And who are you?"

The man who had been listening stepped out of the gloom. He was a tall, slim fellow with pale blue eyes and a mouth which might have been pleasantly mobile before the lines of bitterness tied down its corners.

"Martin's the name," he said. "Dave Martin. Heard your best reed-man ran out on you. It's kind of wet on the street corners this time of the year, and the theatre queues aren't as charitable as they were—"

"Okay," he said resignedly. "Move in up there. Curly, your 'famous imitations' act is over, and you can

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get back to work on your sax. We'll take 'Blue Moonlight'."

Dave Martin shed his coat and unlimbered the clarinet from its split and battered box. He took his time, digging out the good reed from his inside pocket, working it in, following the music card as the "Musketeers" cruised through the opening bars. He would have to hold to this, no matter how much he knew. His performance must be good, but not too good—a little wavery, perhaps, just a shade blurred on the changes.

He came in gently, looked up to see Big Al's eye on him, the long fingers pulling for more volume. He held those fingers in the corner of his eyes, watching the music, sweating slightly as he felt the melody dragging at him. Keep it down! Play it out! There wou'd be time later—

When it was over, Big Al was grinning wearily. "Not as lousy as some I've heard. Might just do, with a lot more work. And work's what I mean, Mister!

And then he was meeting the "Musketeers," the whole swarm of them, and they were so much in the pattern of other players he had known that only three stuck in his memory. One of these was Curly, who was eternally grateful for having been "yanked off the end of that yard of black trouble"; one was the drummer, Bobo Clancy, a light-hearted character with the build of a base drum, and the third was the trumpeter, Vern Clayton.

He noted them almost unconsciously, all his mind taken up with the realisation that he was here at last with them, after two years. He kept wandering back over it all, the pain and the suffering, and the planning, and the cease'ess search up and down the country. Now they were here—Big Al, and Curly, and Bobo, and most of all the man whose signature now and two years ago was a trumpet call—Vern Clayton.

"Say, you remind me of somebody," Bobo was saying. "Just a flash, now and then. Bloke I was thinking of would be a lot younger—about 22 now, if—" He broke it off suddenly, with a laugh that had no humour in it. "Anyway, he played the trumpet, Name was Johnny Gaines."

Dave shook his head. "Not on my circuit. Some other street corner eh?"

"Don't let it worry you," Vern Clayton cut in. "Bobo gets 'em sometimes—sees Johnny Gaines everywhere. Johnny was shorter, had a rounder face. Nice kid—would have been quite a trumpeter. Say, that a a trumpet you've got there, isn't it?"

Dave hefted his second case. "Hobby, sort of. I'm no good, and neither is this. I hock it when the going's tough."

The rehearsal went along smoothly enough, and Dave let himself improve a little so that at the end of another hour Big Al was a'most happy. Soon after that, Dave was out on the street again, with the crackle of advance notes in his pocket, and the warning "Better straighten out your gear, get a meal, and move in with the rest of us at the Criterion. Show starts at nine—and nine's what I mean, Mister!"

His first call was to a nearby pub, where the missing reed-man, Bugs Fuller, awaited him. The notes changed hands again.

"Well, that's that," said Bugs. "I've had that bunch for a long time, but I never got far enough ahead to afford to quit. Never thought I'd do it and make money at the same time. Only wish I knew what your game was!"

"Maybe you will, some day,'" Dave told him. 'In the meantime, go to the address that's written here and

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Courage and Patience.
W. Aust., 18th March, '52. My memory and interest have improved. I have more courage and patience and a much better job than prior to the Course. — WS 3250, Fitter and Turner.

Gambling and Drinking.
N.S.W., 25th Jan., '52. I have given up gambling and drinking since I have taken the Course. All round, my perceptions are better.— NMc.1636, Electric Mechanic.

Beaten Inferiority Trouble.
Vic., 17th Jan., '52. I have made amazing progress. I can definitely say that I have rid myself of Inferiority trouble. My whole outlook has broadened and I can face the future with courage.—VMc 1635, Textile Cadet.

Corrected Values.
18th Feb., '52. I have corrected what was a false set of values. The treatment of memory is most interesting and helpful. I enjoy the Course. — VS 3295, Naval Rating, Radio Electrician.

New Zealand Inquirers.
The Pelman Institute, with the approval of the Reserve Bank, has made arrangements to meet the financial restrictions and enable residents of New Zealand to enrol for the Pelman Course of Training without delay. Write in the first instance to the Pelman Institute, Melbourne.

IF you are amongst the many who have completed the Pelman Course we urge you to read once more the lessons and personal notes sent to you. Lessons 2 and 3 should be read immediately, so that you will recall the lift to your courage which came with the fixing of an aim and the enlargement of your power to do things effectively.

IF you are now going through the Pelman Course we would like you to send in your progress work sheets regularly and so get the momentum which continuity gives.

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you'll find a decent job waiting I'll see you on the train."

By the time Bugs' train pulled out, the early darkness was closing in Ghosts were walking with Dave on pavements that echoed to his steps alone He heard Bobo's voice: "You remind me of somebody—name of Johnny Gaines"

The Gaines family were trumpet-men. It was a malady they caught from old Sid Gaines, whose tone was sweet and corny and straight from Dixieland. They made music, together and separately, from the time each one learned to lip a trumpet, and the wild, brazen notes filled the shabby street. Then Sid passed on, and the war took Tom and Albert, and a duet was left.

The duet was Dave and Johnny, ten years apart in age, and something less than that in ability. There was time for a lot of playing together, and a lot of hero worship by Johnny, before Dave got his chance. And then, in two years, Dave had become Dave Martin Gaines, solo trumpeter with a big-name world-touring band, the greatest success the family had ever known.

Dave was 30 when he arrived back home that fateful night It was a surprise visit, a big chance for young Johnny, a bright, gleaming future for the pair of them Only Johnny wasn't home. Mum, tremulous with welcome, said something about the jam sessions Johnny had been attending lately New men in town—a fellow Monson, and a trumpeter called Clayton New things in music, they talked about—modern interpretation, rhythm, inspirational stuff. They made her head ache

Dave laughed at her, told her that was how music grew. It was heady stuff, and it fermented and boiled and bubbled into something new. Jam sessions were the thing for Johnny,

A WARNING TO MEN IN MID-LIFE

At about 50 years of age most men show a marked decline in vitality and vigor. At the same time, and for no apparent reason, they suddenly develop a nervous tension and emotional instability; they are unable to sleep, and lose interest in life, they suffer from joint pains; become irritable over nothing, easy to aggravate, moody, indecisive, unable to concentrate, and over all there's a constant dragging tiredness. But this change is not confined to mid-life only. Quite frequently these symptoms appear at the age of 35 and there are many cases of men as young as 30 who have lost their powers

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and for himself. He tucked his trumpet case under one arm and headed for the address she gave him.

The street was dark, but there was music in it—haunting music. It came from two trumpets, two delicate metal threads of sound, locking and intertwining, reaching towards the sky. Other sounds there were—some drums, a violin or two, saxophones, a clarinet, the deep plunking of a double bass—but the trumpets were kings. He could separate them easily, the one muted and rich, with an easy mastery; the other impetuous, sharper in tone, daringly attacking the impossible, conquering, and soaring off to find new battles. The second one was Johnny.

He stumbled in the darkness, trying to find the entrance. In that time the trumpets stopped, and a tenor sax moved in to take the lead. He was glad of that. There was something eerie and forbidding about that conflict of wills, something with a threat in it. He gave up trying to find the front door, and let the sax guide him through a barren little backyard to where a long crack of light showed.

The door opened under his hand. The dark passageway vibrated in waves of sound which sent the far door chattering against its lock.

His feet struck something soft and yielding. He came down awkwardly on hands and knees, the trumpet in its case clattering before him. He groped at the obstruction. His right hand touched flesh, the fingers slipping into the open cavity of a mouth. He grunted, praying desperately for silence. The flesh was warm, but above the mouth, up near the temple, was moisture and an opening—

The shadows boiled above him. The half-open door turned the darkness to purple twilight. Above him he saw a swinging arm, misshapen with the weapon it held. Then night and

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sound exploded together into nothingness

It was a long time before Dave was capable of thought and movement again. When his shattered skull had mended, and it was apparent that he would survive with his sanity, they told him what he already knew—that the body had been Johnny's, that extensive questioning had failed to disclose the identity of the slayer or a motive for the crime, and that the case was virtually closed.

That was the beginning. Starting on a trail already six months old, he had sought the answer. It was something Dave Martin Gaines had no chance of finding, something that had to be ferreted out piecemeal in the byways and the back alleys and the cheap all-night joints where players started, or ended, or waited for the break that never came.

The results were never spectacular. It was a matter of finding and questioning the men who had been with Johnny that night. It took a lot to make them talk—sometimes money, sometimes a helping hand, sometimes a working over with Dave's useful fists. And finally, the things he had were of value only to himself—the names of Big Al, and Bobo, and Curly, and the trumpeter, Vern Clayton, as among those present on the fatal night. And still there was no clue to the murderer, and no motive.

But was that quite right? Couldn't jealously be motive enough? Hadn't he heard it that night when the two trumpets sang together? In the darkness he sat on a park bench and opened the trumpet case across his knees. His fingers touched the cold metal, remembering. This trumpet had a voice, and perhaps it would tell him one day beyond doubt. It was Johnny's trumpet.

He played that night with the band, and every night for the following three weeks. Big Al was pleased. The "Musketeers" were a smooth, likely combination, and Dave had become one of them. His work on the clarinet was painstaking, never brilliant, but polished enough to fit into the pattern. And he was getting to know the players—all except the austere, aloof young fellow who was Vern Clayton.

And Bobo Clancy gave him the Johnny Gaines story, without adding anything much to his knowledge. It was as if Bobo at once longed and feared to talk about it. Murder had passed close to Bobo, brushing him with its wings, leaving him puzzled, uneasy and garrulous.

"Big Al discovered Johnny, see?" he said. "He was figuring a way to use Johnny and Vern, but no show he could put together would be big enough to hold 'em both. Vern knew he was on the outer, see?"

"You trying to pin it on me again?" Vern's voice was soft, but there was malice in his eyes. "You know I was interviewed like all the rest, and cleared. Why don't you pipe down, Bobo?"

The fat man shrugged. "Sorry. It's only that Dave here keeps reminding me of Johnny."

"How?" Johnny was shorter, plumper, younger. He was a bright kid—a practical joker, always switching the music in the formal stuff. Remember the time he planted Al's wallet in my pocket? A funny man. Personally, I can do without him—"

It clamped his jaws shut and walked away. Bobo peered after him, with wonder in his mild eyes.

"Now that's something I'd forgotten. Johnny was a practical joker—like a playful puppy, sometimes biting harder than he knew. That gag nearly got Vern fired. Wonder who he bit that last night?"

Near the end of the three weeks Dave made one other discovery. On the floor behind the papier-mache screen of the sound-shell he noticed a small hexagonal piece of greaseproof paper. He had seen papers like this before, and knew very well what they stood for. There was just a chance that this one might help him. It meant that one of the "Musketeers" had the sniffing habit—cocaine!

Then Big Al dropped his bombshell.

"Well, boys, we've had a good run, and we're moving on to better things—at least, some of us are. I've got a fat contract right here for the Tropic Hotel, out on the Barrier Reef. Unfortunately, we're too heavy for the job, so some of you have to go. It's bad news, I'm afraid, for Blue Gordon, Lonny Sales, Dave Martin—"

Dave hardly noticed the celebration getting under way around him. This was the end of it, the one thing he had been dreading. They knew his face now, and he might never be able to catch up with them again. Three weeks with them, and he was no measurable distance ahead — and Johnny's trumpet, still in its case beside him, had not yet spoken.

"Cheer up," Bobo consoled. "Good reed-man like you won't be out too long. It's mug drummers like me get the breaks."

Dave forced a grin and looked around him. The drinks were coming up, with the compliments of the house. The boys were shedding their blue monkey-jackets and closing in around the piano. Vern Clayton's trumpet moved in over Curly's sax, and Bobo was using his brush on the drums. Of course—the Musketeers! There were always four of them.

He went down to the orchestra room. It was dark and empty, and he was not sure what he was looking for. He ran his fingers quickly over the hanging clothes, hoping his search would reveal something its owner

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would want to have close handy, but would not be game enough to carry in his monkey-jacket. It was fully ten minutes before he found it. He slipped the flat package under a worn piece of carpet and hurried out again. It was not until he had reached the sound-shell that he realised he had not checked the ownership of that packet. Then he told himself it did not matter—he knew his man, and before this session was out everyone would know him.

He took his clarinet and joined the party. The boys were improvising now, sailing away on a jag of grace notes and muted harmony. He played with them—the solid reed-man who was Dave Martin, the street corner player in his last session with the band. Big Al joined the group, took over the piano. Vern Clayton faded out for a few minutes, then returned. Curly and Bobo divided their time between their instruments and the foaming jugs. The Musketeers—and would they be all for one and one for all?

It was time. He eased the clarinet and drew out Johnny's trumpet. It was sweet and cool in his hands—too long away. He broke in at the low spot as they drifted into "Deep Night," went talking easily through the opening stages.

And then he wasn't hearing any of them. He was following a metal ghost of sound from the long-distant past, following it with the brilliance that was Dave Martin Games. And, being so, he was also Johnny Games, the Johnny Games they remembered—the Musketeers, innocent and guilty alike. His trumpet was the rippled surface of a midnight pool, full of clogging weeds and the drifting hair of a drowned maiden.

They were listening now. The piano was silent, and Curly's sax. Bobo sat quietly at the drums, his

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moon-face solemn. Big Al had stepped out sometime, he did not know when.

Then there were two trumpets. Vern Clayton was with him, his eyes set on distance, his notes muted and rich, arrogant in their effortless mastery. Dave was back again in that alleyway, through two years of time, listening to the battle of the trumpets.

And unmistakably Vern Clayton said: "To hell with you, you upstart, you Johnny-come-lately. Make way for a trumpeter!"

And now Dave followed him, matched him, threw down his brother's challenge. He soared through a riffle, broke in a cascade of notes. This was the man! This was the moment! He had to force him now, to break him before them all! And strangely, the fellow had had a hand in his own undoing. This was an almost perfect reconstruction of the circumstances of that two-year-old crime!

They played on. Dave began to reproduce Johnny's mannerisms. It wasn't hard, for many of them were his own, passed down from old Sid. He watched that saturnine face in profile, willing him to break down, to show some sign. But when the hooded eyes flickered his way there was nothing in them but a sort of dark excitement.

At last they stopped together. The bitterness of his failure seized Dave and shook him so that his trumpet clattered against the threadbare morocco of the case. He ignored the applause, the muttered "Johnny! Johnny!" of Bobo Clancy. Rising unsteadily, he made for the orchestra room—for anywhere out of this glare of lights and questioning faces.

The passageway was long and dark. Something had happened to the single naked light bulb which usually il-

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luminated it. His footsteps thudded softly in the carpet.

His ears caught a break in the rhythm. He paused. The footsteps came on, padding hastily. A shadowy figure was before him, a strange, foreshortened thing. He pivoted and went down on one knee, feeling the blow graze along his once-wounded head.

Words spat at him in the darkness. "You little swine! You've done it again—stolen my dope. And I'll kill you again for it, if you have a dozen lives!"

He caught the arm as it came down. His right fist was swinging now, thudding into flesh. The hot breath of his assailant was in his face. He smashed at it, felt the skin of his knuckles split on teeth. They were on the floor now, and he was using his knees, his fists, in a fierce exultation.

Then it was over. Lights flashed, and hands pulled the two apart. On the floor before him Dave saw a bleeding, writhing figure, still fighting to get at his throat. It was Big Al Monson.

"Bobo and I guessed what you were after," Vern Clayton said a little later. "You didn't really believe nobody knew there was another Gaines, did you, Dave? We've been looking for clues ourselves for two years, but got nowhere, until your idea of a reconstruction. I caught that in time, and tagged along."

"And there was the motive, plain enough," Bobo cut in. "Johnny found out that Big Al sniffed cocaine to keep going in the late shows. He hid it as a gag, and Big Al killed him. Hopheads are like that."

"I suppose so." Dave was suddenly tired. "Better catch some sleep now. And, oh, Vern—that business to-night. There's something good we can work out—together."

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Talking Points

REBELLION

Turn to page 12 for one of the most unusual revolts in history. When the English populace revolted against landowners. Robert Kett, himself a landowner, not only joined them but led them in what began as a bloodless revolution of reprisal, and ended in a bloodbath. Leo Kelly tells the story.

BUSHRANGERS

Well known writer, Drew Holland, tells of the Australian bushrangers who swore to die with guns in their hands. Few stuck by the code, but Fred Lowry did when police cornered him in an hotel. This true story is on page 16

GHOSTLY

On page 32 is a story for those people who believe in the supernatural. The sceptics will be convinced after they read The Ghost Who Wrote Books, because this is a true story. The ghost's books became best-sellers.

DICTATOR

There have been many dictators in history, and on page 66 you will read Jack Godwin's story of Engelbert Dollfuss, the Tom Thumb Dictator of Austria. Although only pint size. Dollfus became quite a force—until a bigger dictator in Adolph Hitler had him assassinated.

NEXT MONTH

Next issue of Cavalcade features the first of a new series — Saucy Sirens of the Silver Screen. The first saucy siren is Marilyn Monroe. Can You Die And Still Live is a true article about suspended animation. It tells of people who have been pronounced dead and have been buried, but have only been in a trance. S. G. Ebert writes of the Doukhobours, the religious sect who strip naked and burn their own homes. Look for Naked and Unashamed. In Battle in the Dark, J. W. Heming tells of the French police who took unusual measures to catch the murderer of a prostitute. What do you know of the history of the playing card? Do you know how some card sharps separate fools from their money? Read The Devil's Picture Books. Boxing fans will look forward to the story of Rocky Graziano, The Companion of Trouble, written by well-known boxing writer Ray Mitchell. Finally you must not miss the thrilling fiction story, Lifeboat, by Denis Brosnan.

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